



# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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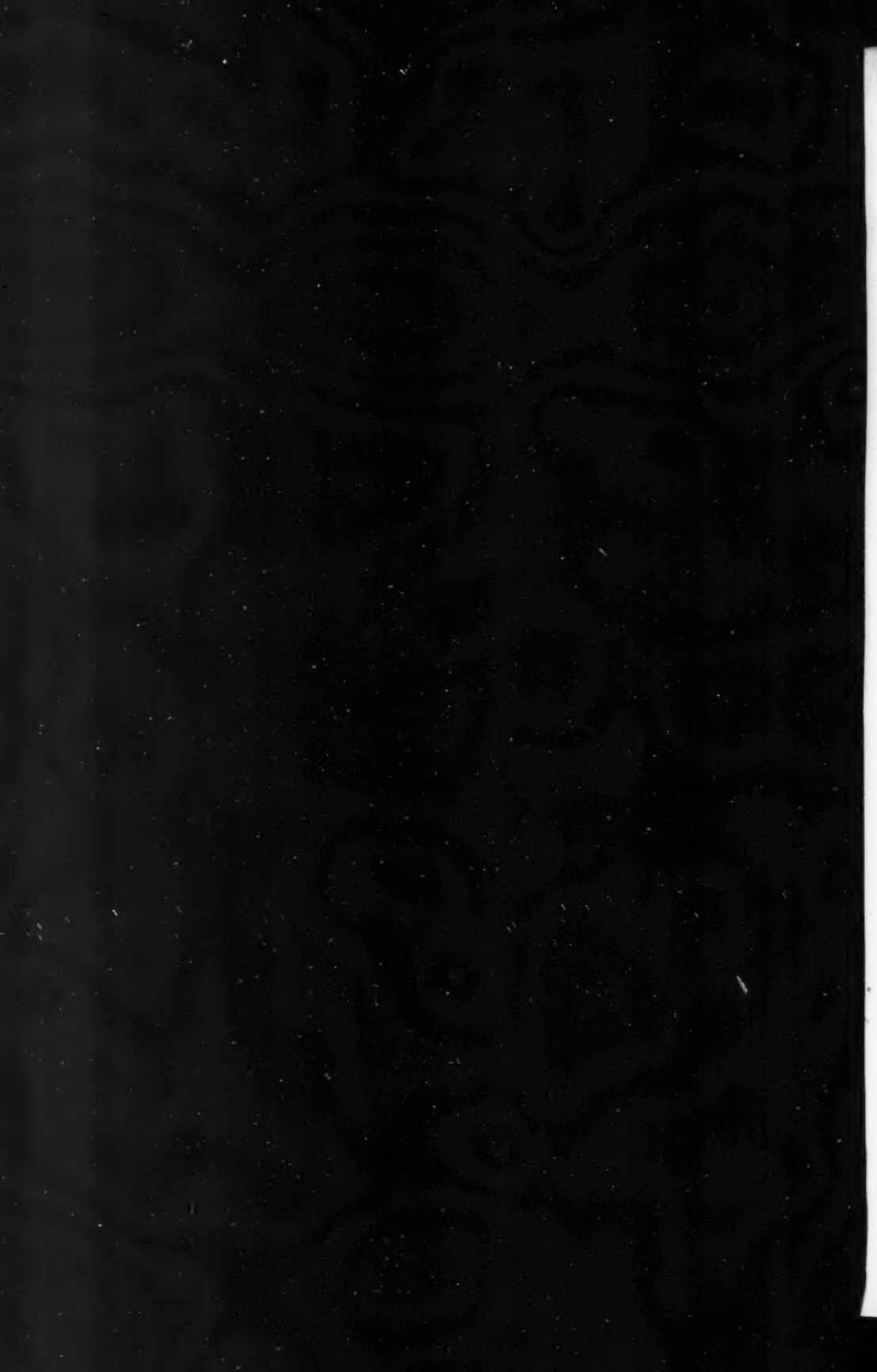
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## RONDEAU.

SOMETHING passes in the breeze,  
Whispers in the waving trees ;  
Something sighs within the sigh  
Of the swaying sedge-reeds by  
Streams that glide with languid ease.

Something speaks in melodies  
Of the softly kissing seas,  
And in spring with birds that fly.  
Something passes.

Painter, grasp it ere it flees,  
Poet whom it quickens, seize,  
If you can, its pleading cry ;  
With the clouds that drape the sky,  
In the flickering of the bees  
Something passes.

Speaker.

A. P. D.

## "UNO DE MILLE."

ONE OF THE THOUSAND OF GARIBALDI.  
LAKE COMO.

[One April day in 1890 I saw a steamer draped in black bring home to Como for burial a soldier of the immortal One Thousand of Garibaldi. By a strange and dramatic coincidence his comrade, an eloquent scholar of Como, died a few hours later at his desk, while preparing for the morrow a tribute to his friend's memory, and on the next day the boat bore his own body to his own kindred.—W. B.]

ANOTHER gone of The Thousand brave ;  
Across Lake Como borne to his grave.  
"Uno de Mille," they softly say,  
Waiting there by a quiet bay :  
A crowded piazza, a weeping sky ;  
Hush ! the steamer is drawing nigh.

"Uno de Mille" ! Who is he ?  
A soldier, they whisper, of liberty ;  
One of the thousand from college hall  
Who rallied at Garibaldi's call :  
His voyage finished, the anchor cast,  
Home at Como to sleep at last.

Home, by her rippling waters blue,  
Mirroring skies of tender hue ;  
Home, where a kinsman's heart-felt tear  
Hallows a brother soldier's bier ;  
Home, where a noble comrade now  
Plaits a chaplet to grace his brow.

Strew with roses the hero's way,  
Over the sleeping warrior pray ;  
Home, from journeying far and wide,  
Welcome him here with stately pride ;  
The night, my brother, comes to me ;  
The morn, Italia, to thee !

Strew with roses the hero's way,  
Over the sleeping warrior pray ;  
Wake, Italia ! speak for me,  
Reunited from sea to sea ;  
Place a garland upon his bier,  
"Uno de Mille" is lying here.

Thus mused his comrade through the night,  
Weaving a chaplet fresh and bright ;  
Sorrowing for a brother dead,  
Summoning hours forever fled ;  
The light burns dim, the dawning day.  
Touches the mountains cold and grey.

The pen has fallen from his grasp,  
His head is bowed, his hands unclasp ;  
The sunlight pierces the casement there,  
He greets the morning with stony stare ;  
The day, Italia, breaks for thee !  
The night, my brother, comes to me.

Not as he deemed. He little thought  
The morrow's work would be unwrought.  
Little he dreamed the boat that bore  
His comrade dead to Como's shore,  
Dark-draped its homeward course would  
keep

To bear him too where his kinsmen sleep.

Hushed again the crowded square,  
Sky and lake the stillness share ;  
Over the mountains a fading glow, —  
"Duo de Mille," they murmur low ;  
One, with tapers in yonder dome,  
One, 'neath the starlight, going home.

And so they parted, not in tears,  
Wedded in death through coming years ;  
Sleeping remote by the sunny shore,  
Reunited forevermore !  
Lake Como sings one song to me :  
"The morn, Italia, to thee !

WALLACE BRUCE.

Blackwood's Magazine.

## LITTLE MYRTLE.

DEAR rosy Question ! babbling all the day !  
"What am I ? Tell me, ere my curls  
grow old ?"

I cannot tell thee, Sweet ! though curls  
be gold,  
And thou reiterate till they be grey.

O little Query ! like a rose unblown,  
With folded mysteries in pink and white —  
Love cannot solve thee in thy morning  
light,  
Nor Wisdom when thy three-score years  
have flown.

Athenæum.

WILSEY MARTIN.

From The National Review.  
THE CHILDREN OF FICTION.

IF it be asked how children have come to occupy their present prominent position in literature, I think that the reply must be that it is due in a great degree to the realistic tendency of modern fiction. According to Mr. Hall Caine, the tide is turning, and romance is beginning to resume its former sway. Howsoever this may be, the tide has been flowing in one direction for several years, and that direction has been towards an almost Pre-Raphaelite faithfulness of detail in depicting human life. In romance pure and simple there is no room for children. They may appear for a moment to heighten some tragic scene; but the larger joys and sorrows of grown-up men and women must keep children in the background.

From fiction which sets before itself, as its main object, such a picture of life as ordinary persons will recognize to be a faithful representation of what they know to be true, children cannot be excluded. The case was very different when the novel always closed with a wedding, or possibly more than one. Love was then the one theme of fiction. Its jealousies, complications, cold and hot fits, troubles, trials, and delights were ever to the front. No one was deemed worthy of notice until he fell in love; no one retained any claim upon attention after he was happily married. We might, perhaps, be presented with a picture of family life in the very last chapter of the third volume. Children's laughter is heard in the corridors of the noble home which enshrines the loving hearts of Edwin and Angelina. Children, the very image of their parents at the same age, lie upon the lawn at their parents' feet. But they are mere shadows which flit before our gaze for a moment, and then are gone forever. They say nothing, and do nothing, and seem merely meant to assure the reader that there is no fear that the ancient families in which they have been taking such deep interest are likely to lack representatives in days to come. Whatever we may think of Lord Byron's oft-quoted dictum,

Love's of man's life a thing apart,  
'Tis woman's whole existence,

we know as a matter of daily experience that life is a very complex affair, and that love as understood by poets and writers of fiction plays in it a somewhat subordinate part. Lord Lytton long ago drew attention to the fact that marriage has a much greater influence on life than love. Men may or may not marry the woman with whom they fancy they are in love; but if they marry at all, that fact more than any other determines the color of their lives. In a good many modern novels the interest begins with marriage. In the complications which arise children must play an important part, if for no other reason than that the better and the worse characteristics of parents are brought out in their treatment of their children. There is no truer touch in Thackeray than the different way in which Rawdon Crawley and Becky his wife — *née* Sharpe — treat their infant son. It would have been impossible to show more clearly the tender-heartedness of the big, blustering, dull-witted soldier who hitherto has seemed to have no soul above billiards and other games of chance, and the cold, calculating selfishness of Becky, than in the scene where Rawdon plays with his boy in the nursery, while Becky flirts with the hateful old Lord Steyne in the drawing-room.

No picture of life which does not include children can be true to nature in a wide and general view of the forces which make up the sum and substance of human existence. Writers of fiction possessed by the realistic tendency of the age have felt this and acted accordingly. The same tendency is seen in modern works of art. Modern painters have been careful to delineate both the humorous and the pathetic side of child-life. Let any one compare the pictures of the second half of the nineteenth century with those of a previous period, and he will be forced to admit that in art as well as in literature children now occupy a foremost position. Whether art or literature led the way in the new development is not easy to determine. Probably the change was simultaneous.

The remarkable thing is that it did not happen sooner. Writers have always felt the need of new interests; it is strange that they did not long ago perceive that in children they could find what they wanted. The beauties of spring have never lacked laudation. Some of us are inclined to think that its glories have been unduly praised. We are a little jealous for the glory of summer and autumn. Still, we freely admit that every spring is a recurring miracle, bringing with it brightness and beauty and promise of a future better than any past. Is it not so with childhood? It has unknown possibilities; it has a present full of interest, because it is as yet fresh and fair and unspoiled by worldliness. Nor does it interest people of one time of life. The young delight in youth. They may, indeed, sometimes desire to be grown up, because they fancy that they will be more able to do as they like — delusive idea! — but they are always full of the feeling that old age is a terrible thing. They draw towards one another in a way that now and again brings a pang unreasonable, perhaps, to the hearts of parents who have tried to be friends and companions of their children. The writer who can make children move and talk like children is sure of their adhesion. Nor will such a writer lack readers among "children of a larger growth."

Let two grey-headed men who have known each other in childish days get together, and they will soon sink into talk about their early days. The very memory of childish merriment makes them laugh as they seldom laugh nowadays. How the old jokes renew their youth! They see themselves as they were some fifty years ago. They almost feel as if time had stood still. Those who have children of their own, or who see still in memory the figures of little ones who have passed away, delight in books which give true pictures of child-life. Hence it has come to pass that the literature which deals with the lives of children has an enormous sale, and that much of the best talent of the time is taken up in producing stories about children. Even in books where

the main motive is far removed from the joys and sorrows of childhood, they come in to brighten pages which might otherwise be dull.

Those who can really make children talk in natural fashion know that the wit put into their mouths need not be of a very exalted sort to evoke laughter. They know, too, that the passionate sorrows of childhood — stormy and tempestuous as a day in early spring, and, like such storms, brief of duration — are sure to awaken sympathy in hearts which are less ready to feel acutely the woes of maturer life. The records of the bookselling trade prove that no topic touches the public heart so swiftly, so surely, and so continuously, as does child-life. I have already, in the *National Review*, pointed out that it is to women that we are indebted for many of the best stories in this department of literature. Their careful attention to minute detail, and their readiness to reproduce faithfully what many men might regard as mere trivialities, give to women a great advantage in dealing with the lives of the young.

In her own way Miss Rhoda Broughton takes a high place in this class of literature. Her children are nearly always those of the upper part of the middle class. They are never too good, nor are they monsters of mischief.

It may, perhaps, be said that the young people who play such a prominent part in "Nancy" are hardly children. Even Tou Tou, of the thin legs and the short frocks, would scarcely be kept in the nursery unless she belonged to a family of position, one, moreover, where the father is a somewhat terrible personage, who takes small pleasure in the witticisms and amusements of youth. In many homes children, long before they reach the age of Nancy and Barbara, Algy, Bobby, and the Brat, are the companions of their parents, and have no separate life in nursery or schoolroom. Considering, however, the conditions supposed to exist in Nancy's home, we feel that nothing can be better than the way these young folks talk and act. They criticise one another, make jokes at one another's expense,

hold back no truth, howsoever unflattering, yet thoroughly love one another, and delight in one another's society. All this is as true to nature as it is amusing.

Possibly the picture of Nancy's return, a nineteen-year-old bride with a bridegroom "who was at school with father," after her honeymoon, may seem a little overdrawn; but who cannot see Tou Tou as she "backs before her sister and the others with easy grace," and "nearly capsizes into a rabbit-hole which, in her backward progress, she has not perceived"? Her quarrel with Bobby is exactly like many a quarrel; it rises out of nothing more substantial than this. "We think," says Bobby, giving a friendly but severe pull to our youngest sister's outspread yellow locks, "that Tou Tou would adorn the *Church*. Bishops have mostly *thin* legs: so it is to be presumed that they admire them: we destine Tou Tou for a bishop's lady." Thereupon follows a lively fire of argument between Bobby and his sister, she protesting that she will *not* espouse a bishop, and he asseverating that she *shall*. It lasts for the best part of a quarter of an hour, and ends by reducing Tou Tou to tears. Whether the young people in "Nancy" fairly come within the scope of this article or not, there can be no sort of doubt that Miss Broughton has shown power to produce life-like portraits of children in "Joan." They do not appear early in the book. We should never make their acquaintance at all if it were not that Joan is compelled to earn her bread by acting as governess in the house which was once her home. The Smith-Deloraines are rich people—or rather, Mr. Smith-Deloraine is rich—his wife a woman of family. Their children are young people of marked individuality, as we learn on their first introduction to us. I will let Miss Broughton speak for herself. "At the window sat a little boy with a big book, supported on small crossed-knees, bent head, and hair falling into his studious eyes, evidently buried full five fathom deep in the quarto page before him. Another boy, a size larger, and apparently of a bent less

intellectual than practical, has stealthily climbed upon a chair, and by aid of a grammar and a door ajar, is cautiously arranging a booby-trap for the reception of his sister Faustine, who left the room about ten minutes ago, and may shortly be expected to return."

It is easy to see those boys, easy to parallel them in one's own experience.

I can fancy that it is a voice I have often heard which says as "the little student lifts up his stooped head, his intently wrinkled forehead, and his shrill voice: 'Miss Dering, why wasn't Queen Caroline a good woman? What did she do? did she cut off people's heads?' " Very natural is the way in which the little lad returns to the charge, not to be put off by an evasive answer.

Rupert and Faustine—the one a lazy, greedy, mischievous boy; the other a worldly little woman of tender years—are as real as Monty, the lover of books.

"Going to dine?" says Rupert when Faustine brings mamma's commands to Joan on that matter. "How I wish I was going to dine! What a lot I'd eat! I'd have twice of everything!"

Faustine is much exercised as to what Miss Dering will wear; she has so few dresses, whilst mamma has so many.

Miss Broughton must have seen some eminently unpleasant specimens of parents. Nancy's father has a cold, cutting manner to his children which renders him hateful to them, whilst he is a most charming person in society. As for the Smith-Deloraines: Rupert lets us into *their* home life a little.

"Papa and mamma quarrelled this morning," says Rupert triumphantly, in the tone of a discoverer. "They often quarrel! Do husbands and wives always quarrel, Miss Dering?"

Many grown-up people will sympathize with the description of Sunday at the Smith-Deloraines.

Where neither father nor mother takes any trouble to make that day a pleasant one, though different from ordinary days, it is doubtless a trying time to children.

To the studious Montacute time passes pleasantly enough, for he is



buried in a book from which he only emerges now and again to put a question as posing as those he puts about Queen Caroline, whose wickedness, he thinks, must be because she wouldn't say her prayers, though, as he adds, he never "heard of any one who wouldn't except Old Daddy Longlegs."

Faustine and Rupert sit side by side, each with an open Bible, pretending to learn texts; but scuffling, chuckling, and other noises, prove that they are not very intent on their work. At length Master Rupert's voice rises high and shrill in this choice ditty:—

Mr. Lolsky said to his ugly wife,  
I'm going to the river to fish for my life.  
You nasty beast, you know you ar'n't,  
You know you're going to gallivarn't.

Miss Dering naturally stops this song, not very suitable for any day of the week (to say nothing of Sunday), though Rupert assures her that "James sings it and knows a great many more verses."

Rupert rebellious, repeating half audibly the objectionable words, Faustine egging him on by nudges and a display of inordinate mirth, though she manages to keep within bounds herself, for fear of forfeiting her Sunday dinner,—these will bring back to many memories of their own childish misdemeanors. For my own part, I enjoy Miss Broughton's young folks better than the rest of her books. They are—not only natural in themselves, but—an admirable contrast to her other characters. As in "Joan," they help on the action of the story, and relieve it from what would otherwise be a too dense gloom. They are often intensely funny, and always show that careful attention to minute detail which gives verisimilitude. As a rule, they are pleasant young people, with only a sufficient dash of naughtiness to give them piquancy. They are not given to sickly sentiment, nor do they ever pose as superior beings. It is a good test of word-painting when one can see the picture in one's mind's eye. The young people in Miss Broughton's books are so vividly portrayed that one can not only see them, but also put names to them out of one's own experi-

ence. Though Algy and Bobby, Barbara, the Brat, and Tou Tou have passed their first youth when we make their acquaintance, they are splendid specimens of the genus hobble-de-hoy. As for Nancy herself: She is one of those invincibly young people who seem as if they never can grow old. There is the flavor of youth throughout the book. The good old crusted jokes, the mere hints which are enough to bring back bygone delights, the very shrugs and grimaces which make up so much of childish life and fun, last longer in the Gray family than they are wont to do in most. Many of us, however, can recall homes in which every member of the Gray family finds a counterpart. As for Monty, Rupert, and Faustine in "Joan:" I always think of them under other names, names of real children. This power of bringing before the mind fictitious personages to whom we instantly give living shape and form is only possible for those who observe minutely, and can draw upon a past experience, the vivid outlines of which have not faded from their memory. It is in these minute and delicate touches that women excel.

Very unlike Miss Broughton in her pictures of grown-up life, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett has equal power in depicting children. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" had almost unequalled success. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett has not been allowed to enjoy that success without annoyance. Whether she did in truth get hints from another book which was unfortunate enough never to take possession of the public mind may be matter of doubt. So far as I am able to judge, wherever there is a resemblance between the two the balance is in favor of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett. In literary finish, in pathos, in the delicate touches which give harmony and beauty to the little lord, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett reigns supreme. That she is well able to give to the world pictures of child-life which are real is beyond question. "Haworths" is a book of great power. It is in some respects a very unpleasant story. I can imagine many parents objecting to their children reading it;

but I cannot imagine any one doubting that "Janey Briarly" is just such a child as may be seen to-day in many a Lancashire home. She is as real as her miserable, feeble father, whom she has had to "look after" ever since she "wur three year owd." Her first appearance on the scene is a triumph of description. She is twelve years old, and the eldest of twelve — "a mature young person," whose business-like air had attracted Hilary. She had assisted her mother in the rearing of her family from her third year, and had apparently done with the follies of youth. She was stunted with much nursing, and her small face had a careworn look.

One rainy day she came into the yard enveloped in a large shawl, evidently her mother's, and also evidently very much in her way. Her dinner-can, her beer-jug, and her shawl were more than she could manage.

"Eh! I am in a mess," she said to Hilary. "I dunnot know which way to turn, what wi' the beer and what wi' the dinner. I've getten on mother's shawl, as she had afore she wur wed, an' th' eends keep a-draggin' an' a-draggin', an' the mud'll be the ruin on 'em."

Murdock, the clever son of a clever but unfortunate inventor, takes great interest in Janey. Here is a life-like bit of description, of Janey as she appears when he sees her one Saturday:

"He found the little kitchen shining with the Saturday 'cleaning up.' The flagged floor as glaringly spotless as pipeclay and sandstone could make it; the brass oven-handles and tin pans in a condition to put an intruder out of countenance, the fire replenished, and Janey sitting on a stool on the hearth enveloped in an apron of her mother's, and reading laboriously aloud.

"'Eh! dear me!' she exclaimed; 'it's yo', an' I am na fit to be seen. I wur sitting down to rest a bit. I've been doing th' cleaning aw day, an' I were real done fur.'

"'What's that you're reading?' said Murdock.

"'It's a book I getten fro' th' Brox-

ton Sunday Skoo'. It's the Mem—m-e-m-o-i-r-s —'

"'Memoirs,' responded Murdock.

"'Memoyers of Mary Ann Gibbs.'

"'I don't seem to have heard of it before.'

"'Hannot yo? Well, it's a noice book, an' theer's lots more loike it in th' skoo' libery—aw about Sunday-skoo' scholars as has consumption an' th' loike and reads th' Boible an' dees. They aw on 'em dee.'

"'Oh! it's not very cheerful, is it?'

"'Eh, no; they're none of 'em cheerful, but they're noice to read.'"

Janey has plenty of good sense in her twelve-year-old head. It would be well if some of the people who pose as friends of the "working man" were as wise as she.

"'We've bin having trouble lately,' she said. 'Eh! but I've seed a lot o' trouble i' my day.'

"'What's the trouble now?' Murdock asked.

"'Feyther; it's allus him. He's getten in wi' a bad lot, an' he's drinking agen. Seems loike neyther mother nor me can keep him straight fur aw we told him Haworth'll turn him off. Haworth's not goin' to stand his drink an' th' lot he goes wi'. I would na stand it mysen.'

"'What lot does he go with?'

"'Eh!' impatiently, 'a lot o' foo's as stands round th' publics an' grumbles at th' wages they get. An' feyther's one o' these soft uns as believes aw they hears, an' has na getten gumption to think fur hissen.'"

Nothing certainly could be more unlike "Janey" than little Lord Fauntleroy, yet there is likeness in their very unlikeness. Both are perfectly simple and straightforward; they say just what they mean, they delight us by their lack of self-consciousness. They look out at the world through clear, truthful eyes; they are full of courage, unselfishness, and faith. Spite of her hard up-bringing, and all her troubles with "feyther," Janey has not lost heart. Both are true under the conditions which surround them. One is a child

of the people knowing a woman's worries whilst little better than a baby. The other is a born aristocrat who has breathed the democratic air of a republic before he was surrounded by the atmosphere of deference supposed to be due to a lord. Compared with many other pictures of child-life, one is struck with the fact that one has in Fauntleroy a full-length portrait. There is nothing vague and shadowy about him. We see and know him as if he were our own. There is not a page in the book which is not the brighter for his presence. All other characters are subordinate to his. His grandfather has for us an entirely new interest when he is brought into contact with the child who never for a moment doubts his goodness. The old man stands out clear and sharp before us; but the interest we take in him is wholly due to the relation in which he stands to the little lad who so confidently goes quite close to him and says "Are you the earl? I'm your grandson, you know, that Mr. Havisham brought. I'm Lord Fauntleroy."

So it is all through; every other character, even the mother herself, sweet as she is, gains reflected glory from the child who is so bright and beautiful, and brimful of what is most charming in childhood.

Such a child, unspoiled by flattery, unable even to think evil of others, ready to show affection to all, to believe in the love of every one about him, would be impossible under ordinary conditions.

His perfect health, his American training, his mother's judicious management no less than the qualities he has inherited from his father, render him as natural as he is delightful. Whether we see him seated with Mr. Hobbs in the store, assuring him "If I have to be an earl, there's one thing I can try to do, I can try to be a good one. I am not going to be a tyrant, and if there is ever to be another war with America, I shall try to stop it;" or amusing the passengers on board ship by sayings learned from the sailors, such as "Shiver my timbers, it's a cold day!" or seated

at table with his grandfather; or assuring Higgins, much to that worthy man's astonishment, "My grandfather was very sorry about your children having the scarlet fever;" or learning to ride; it is always the little lord who enchains our attention.

Probably no one child ever combined so much sweetness and strength; yet he delights us because he is just what we should like a child of our own to be.

There is wonderful charm in "Bootles' Baby;" but the interest of the book does not lie in the baby. It is in Bootles himself. The baby brings out his fine, manly qualities. It shows him able to bear chaff without vexation, to dare slander without fear, to do all sorts of troublesome things to preserve a child that has no claim on him from a prison or a workhouse.

Mignon is a capital foil to the big soldiers of the "Scarlet Lancers." But never in her early days does she stand out as a real personage whom we know and love. There is something shadowy about her; she is a fair vision, not ordinary flesh and blood. More real to my mind, though merging on burlesque, is Jack Henderson, the soldier's daughter. She and her companion Polly Armstrong may be met any day in a barrack square, or in any court of a large town.

"Jack's" gratitude to "the Capt'n" for his influence in rescuing her from her stepmother's ill-usage, her desire to do something to show it, her indignation when Polly suggests that Captain Lucy can't do less than "tip her a bob" for the antimacassar she has made with such infinite trouble as a present to her beloved Capt'n, her bitter jealousy of Mignon, resulting in her pushing that young lady into the river in a moment of unbridled rage, are all excellently portrayed.

Not less true to life is the picture of Houp-Ia, the circus boy who is rescued from the bullying master of the ring by Captain Ferrers. The story of the rescue is brief, dramatic, amusing. But here again it is Ferrers himself who is the hero.

"Where did you pick him up?" asked Lucy.

"Down at the circus. That brute Frisco was teaching him a new trapeze trick by the aid of that whip. I stopped him, and brought young Houp-La away."

"Of course," murmured Lucy; "and how did the elegant Frisco come off?"

"I wolloped 'im," put in young Houp-La.

"Ah! wolloped him, did he? and what did Mr. Frisco say to that?"

"Owled," answered the boy tersely."

There is very real beauty and pathos in the story of Houp-La's death. He dies for the master he loves so well.

It is not by way of depreciating the excellence of "John Strange Winter's" stories that I draw attention to the fact that her children are not the main interest in her books. They play an important, but not the most important, part. Their joys and sorrows do not engross our attention. They are extremely amusing without being the main element of interest. The reverse is the case with Mrs. Ewing's books. To my mind they stand out as supreme in their faithfulness to nature. No one of her books simply as a book will be regarded, I imagine, as equal to "Little Lord Fauntleroy;" but as depicting child-life they are superior, because the children are neither worse nor better than the children of every-day life. She, like Mrs. Stannard, delights in the life of camp and barrack; she knows the British soldier well. She depicts him faithfully; but he is always subordinate to her true heroes or heroines—the children. We are not always within the sound of the beat of the drum. Scarlet coats do not always dazzle our eyes. Barrack-room wit is sparingly introduced. These things are found in Mrs. Ewing's book; but they are subsidiary, not (as is the case with Mrs. Stannard's) of the first importance.

The children are central figures of the picture; grown-up people are in the background.

These latter are by no means vague and shadowy; but they serve merely to bring out the qualities of the little ones. Thackeray says, somewhere or other,

that boys are generally supposed to be free from self-consciousness, pride of birth, and worldliness, but that nowhere are these foibles more apparent than at a public school. Toadyism begins at a very early age. Absolute simplicity is the product of wide experience of the world rather than the attribute of youth. Mrs. Ewing does not forget this fact. Her children are by no means little angels. They have their full share of faults. The children in "A Flat Iron for a Farthing" are all human. Regie, like many other little boys, would have had no objection to "play at dolls" with Polly and his other cousins, "but, on the unwarrantable assumption that boys could not 'play at dolls,' the only part assigned to him was to take the doll's dirty clothes to and from an imaginary wash in a miniature wheelbarrow." He is, however, well able to bear a hand in the "Parcels Post," which these ingenious young people founded long before the day of the useful institution now known by that name. Living in a London house, the children find much fun in looking out of the nursery window, which, fortunately for them, is well barred, or they would assuredly have fallen into the area below. "One day, when the window was slightly open, and Polly and I were hanging on the window-ledge, a bit of paper which was rolled up in Polly's hand escaped from her grasp and rolled down into the street." To their great delight, a portly passer-by picked up the document, and carefully examined it. Hence arose the "Parcels Post." Bits of cinder were carefully wrapped up in writing paper—secured with string—and dropped down into the street. It was a breathless moment when they fell through space like shooting stars; it was a triumph if they cleared the area; but, of course, the crown of all came when a passer-by opened the parcel, and was roused to unspeakable disgust and disappointment at finding what it contained.

Alas! one day "an elderly gentleman very precisely dressed with a gold-headed cane, and a very well-brushed hat," was passing by. "Pop, the cin-

der fell on his beaver from which it rebounded to his feet." He opens the parcel, looks up, catches the eye of Regie and Polly, who exclaim, "Oh! dear! it's the old gentleman next door!" Fear takes possession of the offenders; they tremble whenever the front door-bell rings. But retribution comes, as it is wont to do, in unexpected form. One evening a large paper parcel addressed to the two children comes in.

"It's *very* carefully done up," said Regie, cutting the second string.

"It must be something nice," said Polly decisively; "that's why it's taken such care of."

Wrapper after wrapper is taken off — at length a box is found — the lid is with difficulty lifted — then among a quantity of shavings a neatly folded white paper parcel is found. "*And inside the parcel was a cinder.*"

The wonderful thing to my mind is that Mrs. Ewing knew boys as well as, or better than, she knew girls. If I were given to finding out that everybody plagiarizes, I should be inclined to say that the idea of Huckleberry Finn, and Tom Sawyer, was found in "A Great Emergency." The brilliant imagination of Fred Johnson, whose grandfather, the sea-captain, was a never-ending source of inspiration, rouses his friend Charlie to a desire to do great deeds, and, as a beginning, to run away from school. Their plans, their talk about them, their flight, their journey in the canal boat; Fred's faint-heartedness when dinner and supper didn't come with their wonted regularity; Charlie's own timidity when night is coming on near London, and Fred remarks, "London's an awful place for robbers and murders, you know;" their adventures in trying to reach the docks and get on board as stowaways, and their ignominious return home, are in their way not inferior to the more prolonged and detailed adventures of those other lads, who had the advantage of living far from railways and telegraph offices.

One may say of all Mrs. Ewing's boys what his Aunt Jemima says of Jackanapes. "You are — in short, you are

a boy, Jackanapes." Yes; whether wilfully naughty, like the eldest Master Johnson, "sitting in a puddle on purpose, in his new nankeen skeleton suit," or too eager to show their manliness, as when Jackanapes comes to his aunt and says, sobbing, "I'm afraid, if you please, I'm very much afraid, that Tony Johnson is dying in the churchyard."

Miss Jessamine was just beginning to be distracted when she *smelt* Jackanapes. "You naughty, naughty boys! Do you mean to tell me that you've been smoking?" "Not pipes," urged Jackanapes; "upon my honor, aunty, not pipes. Only segars, like Mr. Johnson's! and only made of brown paper, with a very little tobacco from the shop inside them." Or riding on merry-go-rounds — to their real misery, though they profess to enjoy it very much — or bragging about their fathers — or making fun of one another at school — the boys are always boys. Healthy, manly, English lads, for the most part, not free from foibles, but fine fellows at heart. Possibly a man might have written "Jackanapes;" but I know no book like it by a man. Take, for example, the scene where Master Jackanapes first meets his grandfather, the general. He has had many instructions as to his behavior in the presence of that terrible person, but now "began to feel more at ease with his grandfather, and disposed to talk confidentially with him, as he did with the postman."

"'Monstrous pretty place this,' said the general, looking out on the Green.

"'You should see it in fair week, sir,' said Jackanapes, shaking his yellow mop, and leaning back in one of the two Chippendale armchairs in which they sat.

"'A fine time that, eh?' said the general, with a twinkle in his left eye (the other was glass).

"Jackanapes shook his hair once more.

"'I enjoyed this last one the best of all,' he said. 'I'd so much money.'

"'By George! it's not a common complaint in these bad times. How much had ye?'

"'I'd two shillings. A new shilling



aunty gave me, and eleven-pence I'd saved up, and a penny from the postman — *sir!* added Jackanapes, with a jerk, having forgotten it.

"And how did ye spend it — *sir?*" inquired the general.

"Jackanapes spread his ten fingers on the arms of his chair, and shut his eyes that he might count the more conscientiously. 'Watchstand for aunty, three-pence; trumpet for myself, two-pence; that's five-pence. Ginger-nuts for Tony, two-pence, and a mug with a grenadier on for the postman; that's eleven-pence. Shooting-gallery a penny; that's a shilling. Giddy-go-round, a penny; that's one and a penny. Treating Tony, one and two-pence. Flying-boats — Tony paid for himself — a penny;' and so on, just exactly as small boys do reckon, but as few men would remember that they do.

Nor less life-like is it when, on the general's asking him whether he ever wants money at other than fair times, he replies, "'If I could have as much as I want I should know what to buy.'

"And how much do you want if you could get it?"

"Wait a minute, *sir*, till I think what two-pence from fifteen pounds leaves. Two from nothing you can't, but borrow twelve. Two from twelve, ten, and carry one. Please remember ten, *sir*, when I ask you. One from nothing you can't; borrow twenty. One from twenty, nineteen and carry one. One from fifteen, fourteen. Fourteen pounds, nineteen shillings, and — what did I tell you to remember?"

"Ten," said the general.

"Fourteen pounds, nineteen shillings, and ten-pence, then, is what I want."

"Bless my soul, what for?"

"To buy Lollo with. Lollo means red, *sir*. The gipsy's red-haired pony, *sir* — you should see his coat in the sunshine — but he's a racer, and the gipsy wants fifteen pounds for him."

Jackanapes, like most of Mrs. Ewing's children, has moral purpose. He is a hero from the very first. It is therefore in keeping with his character that he should sacrifice his life for his friend

Tony Johnson. Such books do much more than amuse. They keep alive the divine fire of noble resolve and splendid self-abnegation. In estimating the influence of modern literature so far as it regards children, we need to remember that, for the most part, even when no didactic purpose is apparently present, it does, as a matter of fact, exist. This is notably the case with Mrs. Ewing's books.

She was far too well acquainted with what children really are to make them perfect, nor did she forget that circumstances have a good deal to do with character. The evil effects of over-indulgence, even on a fine and beautiful nature, are admirably brought out in "The Story of a Short Life." No one who had not known pain of body and its effect on temper could have brought out so clearly how evil its effect may be unless some teaching of a really religious kind acts as a corrective.

The picture of Leonard tearing up his father's papers because he is in a temper, and then beating his nurse Jemima with his crutch because she has trodden on Sweep's foot, is not merely art of a high type; but it is also moral teaching of most valuable kind. Indeed, it seems to me that true art must ever be allied with moral teachings, because in human life every lapse from right brings its own punishment. The sort of talk to which Mr. Oscar Wilde treats his readers is, in my judgment, as false to the facts of life as it is subversive of true morality. No one ever acted a noble part without making the world better and himself happier. It is not only touching and pathetic to hear the beautiful boy who has been maimed for life asking "the V. C." whether he thinks that "if I could try very hard and think of poor Jemima as well as myself, and keep brave in spite of feeling miserable, that then (particularly as I shan't be very long before I do die) it would be as good as if I'd lived to be as old as Uncle Rupert, and fought bravely when the battle was against me, and cheered on my men, though I knew I could never come out of it alive. Do you think it could count up to that? Do you? Oh,

do answer me, and don't stroke my head! I get so impatient. You've been in battles — do you?"

It is art of the highest kind, because it is nature ennobled by high purpose. Mrs. Ewing shows that she understands both the imperfection of human nature and the power of real religion. She never preaches. There are no bits which a young reader is likely to skip because they seem like a sermon. In this it seems to me that she proves herself more artistic than the writers who represent children as good and unselfish, although they have no knowledge — so far as we are told — of anything higher than earthly motives.

I am indeed amazed at the absolute truthfulness and the infinite variety of her children. John Broom in "Lob-lie-by-the-Fire" is just what one might expect, remembering that he is by birth a vagrant. Not even George Eliot could have touched off John Broom as an infant more realistically than does Mrs. Ewing.

John Broom sitting "as good as gold," when in truth he has taken off his shoes and put them in the pig trough, or plucking the flowers with intense delight at the sound the stalks make when they are torn off, and then going with his hands full of the flowers, and announcing "John Broom is a very naughty boy," is just as natural as the same John when he dodges the sentinels to take in liquor to the handsome Scotch soldier. The virtues of a vagrant who, though he cannot conquer his instinctive love of variety, motion, adventure, has still his kindly feelings strongly developed, are admirably portrayed. It is in this ability to see how in the very good there is yet some weakness — even Madam Liberality is not wholly free from failings — and in those who are on the downward path something which can respond to kindly effort in their behalf, that Mrs. Ewing's books seem to me so thoroughly real and healthy. I have not dealt with books like "Tom Brown" and "Eric;" for they are pictures of school-life rather than of childhood pure and simple. Nor have I thought that the stories which detail the

adventures of boys — delightful as boys find them — come within the scope of this article. There is, indeed, a vast mass of literature devoted to children which, together with much that is feeble if not foolish, has in it much literary talent.

Mrs. Walton's books are always fresh and delightful. They are very distinctively religious — their aim and object is to show the power of real religion in children; but they are never mawkish. They are wonderfully life-like, and often so pathetic that it is no easy matter to read them aloud. Any assembly of women who have children of their own will be pretty sure to need the constant use of the pocket-handkerchief when such a story as "Whiter than Snow" is read to it. Miss Tucker, better known as A.L.O.E., has written capital stories for the young. But these and a whole host of others are not so much books in which children play an important part as books written specially for children. It has been my purpose to prove (1) that the part played by children in modern literature is a new thing; and (2) that in such literature women far surpass men; and (though this is only an incidental issue) I think I have shown that by both old and young the new departure is received with delight. So long as child-life is treated in an artistic manner, so long will it — not only insure a large circle of readers, but — have a most wholesome influence.

If children are happier, for the most part, in this age than they have ever been before; if their training is, though less severe, more likely on the whole to bring out the best that is in them; if both in study and in play they are treated more wisely than was once wont to be the case; if they, like Leonard, can say, "*I am lætus sorte mea*," and have, indeed, in these days "a goodly heritage," it is largely due to the fact that their joys and sorrows, their fears, anxieties, hopes and aspirations, their follies and wisdom, have been so admirably depicted by writers, who command our attention, that we have learned how to treat them more gently, more sympa-

thetically, and at the same time more firmly, than has, perhaps, ever been the case, generally, since children's voices were heard in the land.

H. SUTTON.

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From The Nineteenth Century.  
SWANTON MILL.

IN a paper contributed to this review a year or two ago I committed myself to the statement that Norfolk had never produced a poet or novelist;<sup>1</sup> that in East Anglia there was a conspicuous absence of anything like romance or that which we understand by *sentiment*; that "we have no local songs or ballads, no traditions of valor or nobleness, no legends of heroism or chivalry," and that "the temperament of the sons of Arcady is strangely callous to all the softer and gentler emotions."

I have been rather severely taken to task in some quarters for this expression of opinion; but my critics have never been able to produce any evidence to prove that I was wrong. In the main the verdict is a true one. I still hold that "the temperament of the sons of Arcady is strangely callous to the softer and gentler emotions," and that in the main there is among them no poetic sentiment and no romantic passion. But though it be true in the main, I am beginning to think that, among that mixed multitude, in which the Teutonic and Scandinavian elements have been somewhat curiously blended with other elements which we may call what we please, and among whom a certain undemonstrative stolidity and reticence is a marked characteristic, there lurks under the surface more romance than I had given them credit for. I am beginning to think that it is not so much because these people are incapable of tenderness and heroism as because they hate talking about it, that Norfolk exhibits so strange a dearth of legends, songs, or hagiology. Going in and out among them, I find more fragments of family history than I had expected to

meet with, which go far to prove this; and though these are for the most part mere scraps and wreckage, yet the cumulative evidence is increasing upon me, and I should rejoice if, on reconsideration, I should find myself compelled to pass a less melancholy judgment upon the people who have received me not unkindly and among whom it is my lot to live.

Meanwhile I have thought it only fair that the following narrative of facts which have come to my knowledge bit by bit during the last few years should be made public. It is a tale that will soon be quite forgotten unless it be put on record; and though I have a morbid dislike to being accounted a mere storyteller, and a certain horror of a clergyman pandering to the prevailing taste of readers whose first and last desire it is to be amused, I yield to the importunity of some whose advice has rarely led me wrong, and give to the world, if the world cares to have it, one more of

The short and simple annals of the poor.

If the story be pronounced, after all, a vapid sort of romance, I can only reply that it is the best I have to offer. If, on the other hand, it might seem very easy for a writer of fiction to have constructed out of such materials a work of art wherein the facts should fall into their proper places as subordinate incidents in a drama with a well-constructed plot—again, I have only to answer that I am not ambitious of joining the great army of modern novelists whose gift of making so much out of so little I sometimes envy and always admire. That gift has not been bestowed on me. The tragic and pathetic sides of life are so constantly turned on us whose daily duties bring us into close relations with the sorrowing and the dying, that I for one have a shrinking from dwelling upon the more frivolous scenes and circumstances which form the staple of other men's lives. When, as sometimes happens, the story of a career which from first to last is one long tragedy comes to my knowledge, I cannot free myself from the sombre hues which color every incident

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Rider Haggard is not strictly of Norfolk descent.

in my own mind. I cannot relieve the shadows with lighter touches as others can. I am a mere prosaic annalist or chronicler; I can but speak as I know.

As you drive down the hill on which stands Swanton Church, with its tower rising up so tall and self-asserting, a landmark to the country round, you see the river Wensum winding "at its own sweet will" through the rich meadows in the plain yonder, with many a turn and bend, while the swans are sailing on its surface and the cattle loitering lazily in the marshes, and the great house with its woods and park on the high ground, and its long range of conservatories glittering in the sun. When you get to the bottom of the hill, the road takes a sharp turn to the right and crosses the river by a bridge, and just before you reach the bridge you find yourself in face of one of those captivating little bits of landscape which the artist always loves to dwell on, and which I never pass without thinking, "What a picture Constable would have made of that!"

There is the old mill-dam and the old mill-pool. Far away the river, as far as the eye can follow it, smooth, hushed, glassy, you might almost think it motionless till it reaches the dam; and then, with sudden, gentle leap, it tumbles down a humble cataract into the pool below; and there so restless are the bubbles and the foam that you find it difficult to believe the eddying water is inanimate. Behind the gabled house, where in old days the miller lived, there are poplars and willows and alders. Sometimes the water-ousels may be singing in the reeds, and sometimes you may see a team of horses just taken to the watering-place, or an angler casting his fly for the trout that rise and flash only to laugh at him. You see all this as you take the turn in the road, and if you are wise you check your horse and muse, for it is a sight to gaze at. You expect to see the mill, but there is no mill there; it was pulled down many a long year ago, though they still call it Swanton Mill; and peradventure an idle wish comes upon you that the old

mill were still standing. But it has gone.

At the beginning of this century the mill was in full work, and it was worked as a paper-mill and they drove a fair trade there. The business was managed for the executors of a former proprietor by a Yorkshireman who in prehistoric ages had dropped down from the northern skies, none could tell how, and had speedily shown his great capacity, and gradually got the direction of the whole concern into his own hands. His name was Singleton Gidlow. He was a man of great stature and great vigor of mind and body; he had a family of three girls and a boy. When my story opens he had recently lost his wife, and the loss had embittered him. Always a hard man, he became morose and irritable, and his children were afraid of him. The eldest daughter was a girl of seventeen; she kept the house, the younger sisters helping her in her domestic duties; the brother was sent to a boarding-school and only lived at the mill in holiday time. Trade was carried on in those days very differently from now. Gidlow was his own traveller, and was very frequently away taking orders for his paper from Lincolnshire to Essex, and one of his fancies was always to drive a pair of mules tandem. His neighbors were constantly prophesying that he would come to grief some day; that mules were cantankerous brutes not to be trusted; that Gidlow was a "silly-consighted" man who thought he could tame anything; and, though undeniably the mules were mastered by him and it was suspected that "he knew how to whisper 'em," yet they'd get the mastery of *him* some day or assuredly kick the brains out of one of those daughters of his, "for all they was tarred with the same brush" and had enough and to spare of their father's spirit. In very truth, they were full-blooded, fearless, passionate lasses — Hannah, the eldest, haughtily domineering, and assuming all the airs of a grown woman over her sisters, who were respectively one and two years her juniors, and by no means inclined to submit to her authority.

The trade at the mills was brisk and required the employment of several horses ; the office of stable-keeper was an important and responsible office, and he who held it had a great deal thrown upon his hands, and required to be a man of resource and some force of character. A day or two after Gidlow had started on one of his long journeys, the stable-keeper and his second in command were out together breaking in a young horse who had shown signs of very unusual viciousness. No one could tell how it happened, but the brute seems to have run away. It was late on one autumn evening — the workmen were just knocking off work, when they saw the trap come tearing down the road from Bawdeswell, the drivers having lost all control of the furious animal, which swerved just as it reached Swanton Bridge, went crashing against the great timber post that stood there, swerved again, and leapt clear into the stream, carrying the gig and the drivers with him. Both men were killed, one of them being simply drowned, the other with his skull frightfully smashed by a kick from the maddened horse as he was clambering up the bank. Young Hannah Gidlow came out, bare-headed but resolute. Everybody else had lost all presence of mind. The only thing saved from the accident was the horse ; the gig and wheels had broken away and were in the Wensum. The colt, trembling with vice and terror, was caught by a young fellow named William Gant, who, without uttering a single word, led the animal gently into the stable, where he saw to his wounds — for of course he was badly cut and scarred — rubbed him dry, tied him up to the manger, and then, shutting the door behind him, returned to the scene of the disaster, his hands in his pockets, saying nothing, and looking on with apparent indifference. The women were screaming, the men were demoralized ; the cry was repeated again and again, "What'll our master say ?" Hannah Gidlow went from one to another ; they were deaf as adders, one and all. The poor wretch with the shattered skull — a sickening spectacle — was lying there.

The people stood away from him. The corpse of the drowned man was not found till next morning. Almost breaking down, the high-spirited girl cried out at last, "Isn't there a man among you that isn't drunk or a fool !" "I ain't !" said a voice at her elbow. The speaker was young Will Gant, still with his hands in his pocket like a man waiting for a job. "It's a mercy there's somebody with a dash of sense. Will, what's best to do now ?" "There's a heap of things to do, miss, seems to me. The best thing is to take that body into the house, and the next thing is to send for the coroner."

"A still, strong man in a blatant land" is sure to be wanted sooner or later, and Will Gant, though he was barely two-and-twenty, was wanted now. At the end of a week Miss Hannah, in her imperious way, had installed the young groom as head of the stables ; and when Mr. Gidlow came back he at once confirmed the appointment, his quick eye seeing at a glance that here was the right man in the right place. When Gidlow went away next he bade his daughter keep an eye on Gant, and in all innocence she obeyed the order and was brought into frequent relations with the master of the stables, whom she looked upon as her special *protégé*. The girl was left in sole charge of the whole establishment now ; her sisters were increasingly rebellious, jealous, suspicious, and ready to invent anything that might humble their elder. Violent quarrels arose ; the younger girls put the elder into Coventry, and for weeks would not speak to her. She for her part grew fretful, vindictive, querulous ; she was thrown upon Will Gant and her own resources, and felt keenly her isolation. Once when Gidlow came back he noticed the change in the look and tone of Hannah. He asked what it all meant. There was an explosion. Complaints and recriminations were tossed about as usual. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he burst out, "I'll marry again if you three can't agree ! I'll find some one to keep you in your places, since you can't keep peace as you are !"



"It's all that Will Gant!" broke out one of the sisters. "It quite turned Hannah's head when you let her make Will stable-keeper."

"Hold your noise, you minx!" cried her father. "That was the best piece of work your sister ever did in her life, and she has more wit than the lot of you."

"Well, father," said the girl, "you just wait and see. We've got eyes if she's got brains. You wait and see!"

It was his first warning, but there was so much evident spite and resentment in the tone that Gidlow took no notice. Hannah flushed up, glared at the speaker, half rose from her seat, recovered herself by a great effort, and went on with her knitting, fanning her wrath with the breath of scorn.

Next day young Sabine Gidlow came home. Will had gone to fetch him from school, and the boy was in wild spirits. They all came round him, for he was their idol. As the girls hung about their brother and plied him with questions thick and fast, his father looked on wondering, speechless, bursting with pride in the son who had grown so tall that his trousers were half-way up his legs. "My eye, what a swell Will Gant is, father!" he cried, breaking out into a joyous peal of laughter. "He's like a regular gentleman dandy in those top-boots. Oh, my eye! how he did go on about Hannah! Miss Hannah had made a man of him — Miss Hannah was this that and everything. He talked as fast as a cheap Jack on market days, as if he'd got it all by heart. What have you done to him, Hannah, that he's found his tongue at last?"

They all laughed boisterously — all except Hannah. She turned pale and then crimson, stammered out some weak protest, and darted out of the room on some lame excuse. Gidlow laughed at the fun and covered Hannah's retreat.

It was his second warning, but it was lost upon him. When he remembered it in the aftertime he gnashed his teeth in rage and shame at his own blindness.

That same night there was an important family council, and Gidlow made a startling announcement to his children.

The executors had sold their interest in the mill, and there was to be an auction of all the live and dead stock upon the premises. Gidlow himself had thought it all over many and many a time. He had long known what was coming, but his father had died a year or two before, leaving behind him a little estate heavily mortgaged, which the son had determined to clear of its encumbrances. This had taken all his savings to accomplish; for in those days the law charges were exorbitant, and paying off mortgages was a serious undertaking for any man. When the executors offered to let Gidlow have the business of the mill on easy terms, he told them bitterly that he had hardly a hundred pounds to his name — nothing, in fact, but the score or two of freehold acres and the old house which his forefathers had lived in as sturdy yeomen, and which was but a poor place enough compared with pleasant Swanton Mill. But the temptation of setting up as a gentleman and living on his own property was irresistible. He was hardly fifty years old. There were wars and rumors of wars "in the air," and those were roaring times for the farmer. He looked the matter all round, and he had made up his mind. In his own house and on his own land it would be hard indeed if he could not do better than his neighbors. At any rate he would try.

To the children now fast growing up to maturity the prospect seemed immensely attractive. In Norfolk they were looked upon as aliens. Society they had next to none, and their father's frequent absences had become more and more trying now that there was discord in the house, and quarrels were of daily occurrence with no one to appeal to when disputes, which might have been settled easily if the head of the family had been there, were renewed from time to time. Sabine was to go back to school for another quarter. Gidlow was to make one last journey to clear up business transactions, and then farewell to the mill! What a welcome they would get in the Yorkshire home!

Sabine went back to school in due course, and Gidlow went off to fulfil his

business engagements. The quarrels began as before. Hannah had a bad time of it. Did her sisters really suspect anything? Was there any ground for suspicion? Who knows?

One evening—it was winter now—Jane, the second daughter, came in with a mocking curtsy, and, putting all the sarcasm she was mistress of into her voice and manner, drawled out, “Will Gant wants to speak to Miss Hannah. He is particularly anxious to receive Miss Hannah’s orders, unless Miss Hannah is *very* particularly engaged.”

Hannah rose with a frown and a sneer on her face, taking no other notice of sister Sally’s irritating giggle, and at the front door found Gant, with his hands, as usual, in his pockets, and his head bent moodily looking at the ground. “Well, Will, what’s the matter?”

“Nothing much, miss, only about my going away, miss.”

“You going away Will? What do you mean?” The young man was feeling for his words, which would not come. He kept his eyes fixed on the ground. “What do you mean about going away? Why should not you stay where you are? But Will—Why shouldn’t you come with us? Maybe father would like to have you. I know I should. Why you’re almost—a kind of friend, Will. Why shouldn’t you come along with us?”

Slowly, like one in pain, the young fellow made answer.

“I ain’t fit for heaven, miss—and there ain’t a chance for me staying there, not yet. I’m going soldiering—maybe they’ll take me as a horse soldier; I’m going to enlist—to fight the Frenchies—King George wants such as me.”

Without thinking what she was doing, she went close up to the young fellow and put her hand on his arm. It was a fatal step. He lifted his eyes, fixed them upon hers, and listened.

“Don’t talk like that, Will—dear! Suppose they shoot you? I can’t bear to think of that! Oh! why will you talk of enlisting? You’re much too good for that! It’s dreadful—dreadful.” Losing all command of herself,

she let her head fall upon her own hand, never heeding that hand was holding Will Gant’s arm, and burst into tears.

Five minutes later sister Sally crept out from the house and found the imperious Hannah still sobbing, but her head was upon Will Gant’s breast, while he held her clasped in his arms. Coming upon them noiselessly, she heard his voice struggling for utterance with his deep emotion.

“What did I mean by heaven—miss? I—meant—this—”

There was a mocking cry, an outburst of bitter laughter, a wild start of terror. The next moment Hannah was standing in the doorway, like one walking in her sleep, wide-eyed but seeing nothing. She staggered to a chair, and leaned over the table holding her head between her hands. Then, as if just awaking from a dream and speaking to herself, in perplexity she muttered rather than said:—

“What does it all mean? I can’t tell how it happened. How *did* it happen?”

“Oh, dear me!” cried Jane, with all the spite and hardness in her coming out in the harshness of her shrill and cruel tone. “Oh, dear me, Hannah! if you don’t know, why, how should we? Of course it never happened before! Oh, dear, no! Will Gant took you for some one else, and thought he was kissing some one else, and that’s how it happened, if you want to know!”

Wild as a Mænad, her heart and brain aflame, the frantic girl hurled herself upon her sister, tore at her hair, beat her savagely about the face, then clutched her with a fierce grip of both her hands round her throat, trying with all her force to strangle her. If there had been none to help she must have succeeded in her mad attempt, for Jane was as powerless as an infant and was fast losing consciousness. By chance the poker had been left in the fire and forgotten; it was now red hot. Sally, the younger sister, made a dash at it, and coming to the rescue struck out fiercely as for the dear life. The blow

fell heavily upon Hannah's bare arm, which dropped — unbroken, but severely burnt.

When Gidlow returned ten days later, the girls, very much frightened and having no one to take council with, had at last come to an agreement. Hannah for her part promised that she would never see Will Gant again alone; the other sisters for their part bound themselves to tell no tales if only the true explanation of her burnt and blistered arm were kept secret. Hannah was possessed by only one bewildering dread. Her own violence had revealed to herself the dreadful possibilities lurking in her nature; she had had some glimpses of the frightful ferocity that she more than suspected her father was capable of. Sleeping or waking, the conviction took possession of her that if Gidlow got to know her secret he would certainly murder Will Gant. She would promise or do or suffer anything to save the young man from a hideous doom which she could not doubt was hanging over him. For her sisters, they too shared this fear; and with it came a confused suspicion of serious consequences likely to result, when their father might vent his rage upon them, and, as he had done more than once before, look out for or invent some plea for excusing his eldest and favorite daughter and throwing the weight of the blame upon the younger ones.

So it came to pass that, by a little lying all round, Gidlow was made to believe that Hannah had stumbled over the hearthrug and fallen into the fire. It might have been worse; she had saved herself at the cost of a burnt and wounded arm.

The time for flitting came. After much discussion it was finally arranged that Gidlow with the two younger girls should begin the first day's journey, driving the two mules tandem as far as Spalding in Lincolnshire, where business of some sort would detain them for at least two days. Hannah, in the meantime, was to ride Big Dan, the other mule, staying one night at Lynn, the next at Spalding with some kind

friends who had offered to take her in. The tandem would make another halt at Grantham, and there the party would meet and arrange about the next stages.

In the grey dawn of a Monday morning in February Hannah made her start before the others. In those days there was open country along the whole line from Swanton to Lynn. The distance as the crow flies is about twenty-two miles. But the tandem had to keep to the roads, such as they were. At Lynn Gidlow heard that some one had caught sight of Hannah on the mule jogging along over Weasenham Heath. He heard no more of her. He arrived at Spalding just as the sun went down; the mules had covered more than fifty miles in little more than ten hours. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday went by, and no Hannah. Jane and Sally meanwhile were having a merry time of it among new friends, who welcomed them joyously, and Gidlow's business had kept him fully occupied—so occupied, indeed, that he was compelled to remain at Spalding longer than he had intended. Still no Hannah! On Friday morning the party set out upon their second long stage, having left word that Hannah was to follow them to Newark, where again there would be a halt, and where they would spend the Sunday.

Since the memorable evening when things had come to a crisis the two younger sisters had never once left Hannah alone. Young Gant tried the usual lover's devices to see her, but in vain. For more than a week her wounded arm kept her in her room. When Will came to ask for orders Jane went out to him, haughtily telling him what to do, taking care that he went about it. "Was Miss Hannah ill?" "Yes," and no more. He lingered, and was asked what he was waiting for. Slow of speech as always, he made no answer, but looked sheepish and moved off. There was an ominous sullenness in his manner, a perplexity in his look, a dangerous ferocity to the underlings who were his helpers in the stable. This went on down to the very hour of the family's departure. Will brought

round the mule for Hannah to mount, strapped her valise behind her saddle, and stood at the animal's head looking moodily on the ground. As she came out, with her father and sisters round her, the tears were running down her cheeks. They were all agitated, even Gidlow himself. A few words of sobbing good-bye to the dear old home, a turn of the poor girl's head, a wave of her hand, a quick glance at Will, who had not the courage to turn his face up to hers, a desperate cut with her whip which Big Dan resented by a vicious swerve, and then she was off at a quick shambling trot, with never a look behind her. She was gone. Jane fetched a long breath, a sigh of great relief, and ten minutes later the tandem was at the door. "You've been a real good fellow, Will Gant," said Gidlow. "You'll look after things well till the sale is over, I know, and Mr. Govans will settle with you to the last farthing, lad. I've made that all straight. Good luck to you, Will; keep your spirits up. You're the right sort, and I reckon there's more than one that'll want you down here without your coming north. And, Will, here's a *vale* for you." The guinea dropped on the ground. Will did not stoop to pick it up, but took off his hat with one hand, while with the other he gave his master the reins. There was hardly the sound of a good-bye. The mules were fresh and started badly, as they always did. The last they saw as they took the turn in the road, leaving the mill behind them forever, was Will Gant still standing by the gate, his eyes fixed on the ground.

An hour later he mounted the best horse in the mill stable, and starting off at a gallop, he was making for Lynn straight as an arrow. He scarcely got half way. An hour after sunset he came back to the stable leading Big Dan, the mule, by the bridle. Then he went to his mother's cottage as usual, and there was Hannah! How or where they were married, I cannot learn, but that they were admits of no question.

At this point my information is vague and fragmentary. News travelled

slowly eighty years ago or so. It was ten days before the truth became known to Gidlow — then it burst upon him like the shock of an earthquake. The two girls, waxing more and more frightened, and having such good reason for suspicion, told their father all they knew. He turned upon them like a wild beast. Nothing could persuade him that it was not all a plot; they had lied, they had betrayed their sister and himself, they had brought dishonor upon his name. He would make their lives a curse to them as they had blighted his. For the vile girl that had left him to take up with a stable-boy, he would never see her again; she was no daughter of his. Let all the fiends tear her! For the man that had stolen her, let him keep a day's journey from the reach of his arm if he hoped to keep a single unbroken bone in his accursed body. "When my boy Sabine grows up, he shall hunt him down and blind him!"

Long years afterwards there was one who never could speak of her father's ravings without a shudder of horror. One order he laid upon his children. Let no one of them ever dare to open a letter from Hannah or write a line or send a message! If they did, his curse should light upon them, body and soul. And this he kept on repeating again and again at intervals whenever the evil spirit was raging within him. A month after he had settled upon his property — if indeed there could be any *settling* now — he married a widow with some small portion. Her chief attraction was that she was said to have nagged at her first husband till he had hanged himself. Let her nag at those lying hussies that had mocked him! In this instance he missed his mark; the woman became cowed and afraid of him, and she grew to pity the poor girls and tried to shield them from his violence. It was all in vain. The home became absolutely unbearable. First one and then the other daughter ran away and took to domestic service. Young Sabine, too, left him and married badly. A year or two later the young man got hurt in some accident, and, after lingering a few weeks, died in great agony.

The father was at his son's bedside when the end came, and as he bent over the poor young fellow—quite unmannered by this time, baffled, despairing—the last words he heard from the dying lips were, "Pray God, forgive poor sister Hannah!" Gidlow dashed his clenched fists into his eyes with all his force. One of those eyes was hopelessly blinded; with the other he saw but imperfectly to the end of his miserable life.

Fifteen years had passed since the elopement. During those fifteen years Hannah had brought no less than twelve children into the world; ten were living. She was only in her thirty-fourth year—her husband some five years older. When the story of their clandestine marriage became known all Norfolk was virtuously indignant. The farmers—there were no *large* farmers in those days—would have nothing to do with Will; he could get work nowhere. Some of his few friends strongly advised him to leave the neighborhood; but nothing would induce him to stir. From Hannah's side he would never move again. For weeks at a stretch he was left without employment. Once or twice he heard of a place that was vacant for which he knew he was fit. He would trudge off doggedly, make application for it, and get back the same night scarcely able to crawl, and always with the same result. Nothing came. His little savings were exhausted before the second year was ended, and the second child appeared. How they kept body and soul together no one could understand. At last the forlorn condition of the little household stirred the pity of the neighbors, and moved by the sight of the haggard and ragged young man at church, which he never missed attending, some one sent him a new smockfrock. It was laid at his door one night without the sign of who the sender was. He had never worn the laborer's dress till now. Next Sunday he appeared in it, thankful that he could cover what few shreds of clothing hung together upon his lean body. When Hannah saw him first in the smockfrock she broke down. "Has it

come to that, Will? Oh, what have I brought you to?" He bowed his head humbly, and in his slow way made answer: "I'd go through it all again—for you, my lass; you're worth it all—except when I think of you—and then —" He turned away his face and shivered.

Things mended a little from this time—a little—a very little. He never complained—he protested he was never hungry. Gradually he sank to be a mere farm laborer, and proved to be a very excellent and trustworthy one; but he was never seen inside the public-house, and obstinately refused to touch the beer which used to be dealt out by the farmers pretty freely. But those poor children had ravenous appetites, and at last he found himself compelled to take the odious parish allowance which was distributed in the old days, for there were now ten of them; two had died—the neighbors whispered, from actual starvation—shortly after their birth.

Fifteen years! What that household must have gone through during that dreary time, who can imagine?

"Gant, here's a letter for your missus. That come out o' Yorkshire, that du. You needn't be lookn so skeered, baw; there ain't nothin to pie." The speaker was the village carrier, who brought parcels and letters once a week from Norwich. Gant looked hard at the letter as the bearer held it out to him; he seemed as if he were not going to touch it. "What's up wi' you, man? That ain't pisun. Lay hold on it!" He took it with an evident struggle, without a word of thanks, and went on his way to his work, for it was early morning. When he got home in the evening he laid the letter on the table before his wife, again without a word. With her heart beating fast—for she knew her father's hand—she broke the seal and read aloud:—

"Hannah! Your brother is dead. You spoil my life, and I swore I would never see you again. I've broken the great oath I took by writing to you as I



am doing now. Come and humble yourself as I am humbling myself. Come and beg my pardon and I'll forgive you, though I cannot forget. You must come alone. The villain that stole you and the children you have brought him I will never see. Leave him, and you have my promise that you shall never want again. Your father,

"SINGLETON GIDLOW."

She laid the letter upon the table, took up the baby that was kicking in her lap, clasped it to her bosom, covered it with kisses, but could not speak for weeping.

Will Gant moved into the tiny bedroom and brought from it a little paper parcel. Deliberately unfolding this, he laid a golden guinea upon the open letter, and for once in his life the words came, clear and decided, with a dignified fluency that his wife had never had experience of before and never heard again.

"That letter, Hannah, is either what the parson calls the voice of God, or else it's a message from the prince of the devils. You may take your choice. I'll never stand in your way this time. He that wrote that letter tossed that guinea to me when I saw him last. If you choose to go to him, it'll pay your way. But if you go, you stay; so help me, God! The little ones and I will hang together; there's something tells me we have seen the worst now. But tell that man from me that we don't want forgiveness. If that's the word, let him come here and ask it on his bended knees. If we give him pardon, the babes in the churchyard that pined at your dry breast can't give it him; and if there's a holy God in heaven he won't forgive him neither, till he comes and asks forgiveness here."

He waited for his answer; he did not wait long. She rose, her baby in her arms, and stood face to face with her husband.

"Go, Will? You never spoke a hard word to me before. Do I deserve it now? Go? If staying by your side meant burning flame, I'd never stir a step. Father? Who's my babe's fa-

ther? And this one says he'll never set his eyes upon our little ones. Would you curse one of them whatever came? Will! you must think very, very ill of me. What! I turn my back upon my darlings, because he turned his back on you and me! For shame, Will!"

Another twenty years went by. Gant was right; he and Hannah had seen the worst when old Gidlow's letter arrived. One by one the children all left the nest, and all were off their parents' hands. Indeed, they all married and set up for themselves humbly enough, but honestly. A rumor came that old Gidlow had died "ever so long ago" and had left all he had to his widow, then another rumor that Mrs. Gidlow was bedridden and "grown silly." Will Gant got into some position of trust as a buyer of horses. He had the opportunity now of saving money, but unfortunately the chance had come too late. When he died he was hardly sixty, and there were only a score or two of pounds to his credit in the bank. He had a long and trying illness. One night he feebly called his wife: "Hannah! I'm dying now. I want to die with my head against your heart. I'd like to feel it near me, beating for both of us." The desolate woman had been watching him alone for weeks. During that time she had scarcely had her clothes off. Now as she leant back upon the pillow by her husband's side a very swoon of drowsiness overcame her, and she fell into a deep sleep. There she lay with his head upon her bosom, never stirring till she felt the cold cheek freezing her life's blood. He had been dead for hours.

Clannishness in Norfolk is very strong, and at funerals the family gatherings are often very large. But there were no railways among us fifty years ago, and only three of Hannah's children saw their father laid in his grave. Of the others, some had died and the rest were far away "in the shires." The youngest, who had no family, outstayed the other two; her husband told her she might remain with her mother "a whole fortnight." One day, as the

visit was drawing to its close, the daughter asked, "Did you ever have a sister Jane, mother?"

"Yes, I had. What of her?"

"I think she's alive, mother. Leastways there was a sort of a lady that was staying with Farmer Brown last year, and I heard say that she 'put on parts' a good deal, and folks used to make fun of her. She used to say she was a Gidlow before she married, and they tell me she's a sort of housekeeper in some great house near by. But I never set eyes on her, and I didn't take much notice."

Blood is thicker than water, they say; and when Hannah was left in her loneliness—an old woman before her time—she felt a sudden yearning to see her sister, whatever might come of it. She had never passed a night out of the humble cottage to which Will Gant had brought her when she was in her teens. Now she resolved to find her sister Jane. It was a long time before she could trace her out. At last she discovered that Jane, who had been for several years a widow, was in some position of trust at a great house. "I think it was the Lord of Salisbury's," says my informant vaguely.<sup>1</sup> Hannah locked up her house and started on her pilgrimage. After days of travel, which can hardly have improved her appearance, dusty, soiled, and weary, she rang at the bell of the great house and timidly asked to see "Mrs. Jones—Mrs. Jane Jones." The servants appear to have been insolent, laughed at her, and told her to go away. The old spirit came back upon her, and she proudly protested she would never move from the door till she saw the *lady* she had a right to see. It ended by the appearance of a dignified personage in black silk, "with a great gold chain round her neck," who received her with immense haughtiness and railed at her roundly.

"Woman! who are you? They say you're my mother—Mother? Mother indeed! You!—Why!—"

As she was speaking poor Hannah

was silently undoing her sleeve. Then she bared her arm; and there was the old scar of the cruel burn, the ineffaceable memorial of the fierce battle of long ago.

"What! Oh! Lord have mercy upon us! Can it be? Why, you're never really my sister Hannah?"

She would not stay the night. She returned as she came. There is no reason to believe that the sisters ever met again. Hannah did not long survive her husband. His little savings just sufficed to keep her out of the work-house, but very little more. Once, when some one had the audacity to refer to Hannah's early *escapade*, hinting at it having been a scandal to be regretted, she fired up fiercely: "Sorry! Who talks of being sorry? I was proud of the dust he trod on—my Will! I never asked *you* to come and darken my door. You may go out of it now and never come back. When you're gone there'll be more light to see by—you may shut the door behind you!"

She had been dead a year or two when there appeared in the newspapers an advertisement for the right heirs of Singleton Gidlow. There was a great deal of correspondence, and the lawyers were very busy. I suppose they could not find any entry of the marriage of Will Gant and his wife. Such matters were managed very irregularly in those days, and none of the children could give any information on the point. There were faint remembrances of their parents having kept their wedding day with some semblance of festivity when fortune began to smile upon them in the later years. But Will was always reticent, and as fast as they grew up the family moved off here and there. Hannah never knew what it was to have a daughter who was in any sense a companion to her.

One of the sons—a very poor creature—tried hard to establish his claim to Gidlow's "property," but it all came to nothing. When he died his wife treasured up the rather voluminous correspondence which was carried on, but at last threw it all into the fire.

<sup>1</sup> I suspect this conjecture was a mere guess, due to the fact that we have heard so much of Lord Salisbury of late.

Whether there is any other possible claimant, or where the estate was situated, I cannot tell.

When I tried to pick up some more scraps of information and fuller particulars, I was repulsed somewhat tartly. "I know my father stole my mother—that is all I know. But, Lor'! she was as bad as he was—o' course she was!"

Shocked by the callousness of the rebuff, I asked no more, and shall not ask again. AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

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From The Contemporary Review.

CANINE MORALS AND MANNERS.

It is always interesting to trace the various habits and attributes of our domestic animals which form the bond of their association with us back to their natural origin. In doing so we can hardly fail to reach some suggestive inferences which bear upon our own early history as well as upon that of the animals we study.

Most of our dumb companions and helpers have become modified by changing circumstances since the partnership began even more than ourselves, and have become partakers with us of the advantages and disadvantages of our civilization. This is especially so in the case of the dog, man's closest associate and earliest ally. The many who happily respond to his affectionate and loyal service by regarding him as worthy of the consideration of a valued friend, will, it is hoped, follow with pleasure a few thoughts here put forward which have arisen from a study of the habits that now characterize him as compared with those of his wild relatives.

We must remember that although the dog is now our friend, with interests in the main in harmony with ours, he was not always so. The wild dog and wild man might have been chance allies when, for instance, a fatigued quarry pursued by the pack was struck down by a flint weapon, and the greater part of the carcase left to the original hunters; or when a wounded animal escaped its human foe to be followed up and devoured by the dogs. But, as a rule, the

interests of dog and man would be conflicting, as is still the case where wild dogs exist, such as the dingoes of Australia, the dholes of India, and the hyena-like wild dogs of Central and southern Africa.

It must be borne in mind that in dealing with these primitive canine creatures, the word "dog" is used in its widest sense, and must include such animals as wolves and jackals, which undoubtedly share in the ancestry of our familiar domestic breeds.

Probably the partnership first began through small helpless whelps being brought home by the early hunters, and being afterwards cared for and brought up by the women and children. The indifference with which almost all savages regard their dogs seem to negative the idea that primitive man took the trouble to tame and train adult wild animals of this kind for his own purposes. The young dog would form one of the family, and would unconsciously regard himself as such. The reason why he should so regard himself will be discussed later when we come to consider the probable canine view of the relationship.

It would soon be found that his hunting instinct was of use to his captors, for while wandering abroad with them his keen nose would detect the presence of hidden game when the eyes of his savage masters failed to perceive it; and when a wounded animal dashed away, his speed and instinct for following a trail by scent would often secure what would otherwise have been lost. The dog in his turn would find an easier living and a better shelter while associated with man than if he were hunting on his own account, and thus the compact would be cemented by mutual benefits.

Now let us consider why the dog should so readily fall into the position of the companion and subordinate of man. What "stock and good-will" did he bring into the partnership besides his swiftness and powers of scenting and seizing his quarry? Let us look for a moment at his life at home as apart from his duties while hunting. In the first place, he evidently regards the

dwelling of his master as his own place of abode in which he has certain vested interests, and, while he is complaisant and submissive to the regular inhabitants, he looks upon strangers of all kinds with suspicion, and regards their intrusion as an infringement of his rights, or of his rudimentary sense of what is lawful. Although watch-dogs have doubtless been valued for many generations, and their distinctive qualities cultivated by artificial selection, it seems clear that here we are dealing with an original instinct.

The pariah dogs of Constantinople and other Eastern cities, which are practically as untamed as their fellow scavengers the vultures, crows, and jackals, and which probably have only in the slightest degree ever come under direct human influence, have the same habit.

Each street is the recognized dwelling-place of an irregular pack, and dogs—and in some cases even men—from other quarters are warned off or attacked if they cross the boundary.

It is said also that the wild dogs of India will drive off a tiger if he strays into the neighborhood of their chosen habitat. Even tame wolves will, without being taught, threaten a stranger if he comes near their master's house, but will take no notice of the coming and going of the regular inmates.

It would seem, therefore, that the watch-dog's peculiar virtue is directly traceable to the old instinct for guarding the lair of the pack. And in following this instinct the dog indicates that it is not his custom to act single-handed. The very fact that he growls or barks at a stranger shows that a vocal intimation to his fellows of the presence of a possible enemy is part of his plan. Every one has noticed that the barking of one dog will set off others within hearing, so that on a still night an alarm at one spot will disturb a whole suburb. Although no wolves or wild dogs are known to bark in the true canine manner, it is impossible to imagine that so distinct and almost universal a habit of the domestic varieties can have been deliberately initiated by man. Several instances are recorded of Eskimo dogs,

and even dingoes and wolves, learning to bark by spontaneous imitation of domestic dogs. Foxes make a noise very like barking when they challenge one another among the hills at night, and it is not difficult to provoke an answer by imitating the sound under appropriate conditions. It seems probable, therefore, that the common ancestor of our domestic dogs and their wild relatives, which no doubt lived under somewhat different conditions from any modern feral creatures of the kind, was a barking animal.

As I have already said, the very fact that the dog barks when alarmed is an indication that he is a creature of gregarious instincts, and that he is accustomed to act in concert with others. The sound is a signal to his comrades as well as a threat to the intruder. If this be not so, what can be the meaning and intention of the different tones he adopts according to the nature of the provocation, which are capable of conveying to ears afar off an idea of the measure and nearness of the danger?

Most of our domestic animals, and all which act under our orders and give us willing obedience, are gregarious in their habits when in the wild state. A little thought will show that many of the qualities for which we prize them are dependent upon this fact, and that we are the gainers by turning to our own use the stock of tribal virtues and morals which they bring with them into our service, just in the same way as we gain by appropriating the winter food-store of the bees, and the supply of starch and gluten laid up for future use by many plants. An animal of a troop has perforce certain social duties and obligations, which, as can be shown, are necessary for his own existence as well as for the welfare of the community. He must learn to give and take, and be prepared to follow and obey the members of greater capacity and experience. It is essential that he should be of a peaceable disposition, as a general rule, among his mates, so as to preserve the harmony of the band; since a pack of dogs, like a house, divided against itself, will soon prove its unfitness, and be

eliminated according to law. He must also be prepared to stand by his fellows, defend them or any of them if attacked, and warn them if danger approaches.

Seeing that most wild animals of the canine tribe prey upon quarry swifter and larger than themselves, their common welfare depends upon systematic and intelligent co-operation. A single hound following a trail by scent, will frequently be at a loss; for every now and then it will overrun and miss the line; but when several are together this will seldom happen, and the pace of the pursuit will consequently be much greater and the chance of a meal more certain. In searching for prey it is necessary for the pack to separate, so as to range a wider area, but the instant a "find" takes place it is important that all should be informed at once, so that a united pursuit may be taken up while the scent is warm. Among all hounds and many wild dogs the signal is given by the voice, but, as will be shown later, the dog has another and very perfect method of signalling in addition to this. For the canine tail, when considered philosophically, turns out to be nothing but an animated semaphore, by means of which important news can be telegraphed to the rest of the pack, in much the same way as messages are exchanged between different detachments of an army by the modern development of military signalling popularly known as "flag-wagging."

Of course in hunting all large and swift animals a great deal can be done by strategy, and this involves a common plan of action often of an elaborate kind, and the giving and taking of orders by the leaders and other members of the band respectively. The value of quick perception and general intelligence, as well as of a readiness to co-operate, here at once become apparent, for without these qualities no such combination could be successfully carried out. Again, when the prey is within reach, it often requires the united efforts of the whole pack, acting intelligently in concert, to pull it down. If a number of wolves or wild dogs were scattered over a district, each acting for himself

independently, as cats do, large animals such as the elk or bison would be of no use to them as articles of diet, and they might starve in the midst of plenty. But if they combine and act under the guidance of experienced leaders they can at once utilize what would else be, in canine economy, a waste product.

As has been pointed out, this needful co-operation at once involves the elements of politics and morals. The obedience of the young and inexperienced to their leaders, and the observance of certain rules of conduct, are a *sine quâ non* of the success of any strategic combination.

It follows, therefore, that the young of gregarious animals of all kinds, and especially those of this type, are submissive and teachable, and have thus the very qualities we desire in creatures which are to be trained for our special use. In fact, we have here the natural basis for that docility and readiness to obey which is such a noticeable and invaluable characteristic in dogs as we know them.

They must also be faithful to their fellows in word and deed. A hound which gives tongue when he has no quarry before him (and such canine liars are not unknown, as any huntsman will testify), may spoil a day's hunt and send the whole pack supperless to bed. It is interesting and amusing to observe the evident contempt with which the hounds of a pack regard an untruthful member. His failing becomes perfectly well known, and let him bay as he will, not one of his companions will rush to the spot as they do the moment they hear the slightest whimper from a trusted and experienced finder.

Loyalty to one another is also a virtue which cannot be done without. Thus we see that, however great the emulation between the individual members of the band, while the hunt is on it is kept strictly within bounds, and is subordinated to the common purpose. It is only after the game is captured and killed that contests of individuals for a share of the plunder commence. The very fact that an invitation is given to join in the pursuit as soon as the quarry



is started, instead of the finder stealing off after it on his own account, is an illustration of this; and if one of the pack is attacked by the hunted animal at bay or by an enemy, his howls and excited outcry are instantly responded to by all within hearing.

Every one has noticed the uncontrollable power of this instinct when the yells and shrieks of a canine street brawl are heard. Dogs from all sides rush to the spot and immediately take part in the quarrel. The result generally is a confused free fight of a very irregular description, and each dog is apparently ready to bite any of the others. It will easily be seen that this confusion is owing to a disarrangement of natural politics, caused by the disturbing and arbitrary influence of human institutions. If two of the combatants happen to be comrades they will hold together and treat all the rest as enemies. In the wild state the sounds of strife would mean either a faction fight, or a combat with some powerful enemy of the pack, and probably in the former case every dog within hearing would be a member of one or other of the contending parties. By adopting dogs into our families and separating them from their fellows we upset canine political economy in many ways; but still the old loyal instinct to rush to the support of supposed friends in distress is so strong, that a ladies' pug has been known to spring from a carriage to take part in a scrimmage between two large collies.

Among wild dogs the prosperity of the community might be fatally impaired by a lapse of this instinctive loyalty. All who have had to do with hounds know that every pack contains certain individuals whose special talents are invaluable to the rest. Generally one or two of a pack of beagles do most of the finding when driving rabbits in the furze, and in the case of a lost trail another individual will be, as a rule, the successful one in making skilful casts forward to pick up the line of scent. Another, again, will possess quicker vision and greater swiftness in running than the others, and the instant

the game comes into view will cease the more tedious method of following, and dash forward at full speed to seize it.

Among wild dogs pursuing large and powerful game, the need and scope for such specialists would be even greater and more important. If one of these were lost through not being well backed up in time of peril, the whole pack would be the sufferers in a very material degree; for it would often fail to start, or lose during pursuit, some animal which might otherwise have been captured.

The study of this communal canine morality is very interesting when considered along with Mr. Herbert Spencer's theories of ethics. It is here dwelt upon, however, merely to explain on scientific principles, many traits of our domestic dogs, which (as is too commonly the case with those who receive benefits) we are liable to profit by and take for granted.

The great naturalist Cuvier observed that all animals that readily enter into domestication consider man as a member of their own society and thus fulfil their instinct of association. The probable view of the fox-terrier or the dachshund which lies upon our hearthrug, therefore, is that he is one of a pack the other members of which are the human inhabitants of the house.

Most interesting would it be, were it possible, to get the dog's precise view of the situation. The chief bar to our doing so is owing to the difficulty of putting our human minds, even in imagination, within the restricting limits of the canine thinking apparatus. Thus we constantly see, when anecdotes of the cleverness of dogs are told, that the narrator is quite unable, in estimating the supposed motives and mental processes, to get out of himself sufficiently to escape the inveterate tendency to anthropomorphism; and he almost invariably gives the dog credit for faculties which it is very doubtful if it possesses. When we come to consider how few persons have that power of imaginative sympathy with their own kind which enables us to see to some extent

through another's mental spectacles, it is no matter of surprise that a human being should generally fail in trying to think like a dog.

Thinking, after all, is, like flying, an organic process, dependent in every case on actual physical machinery; and dissimilarity of brain structure therefore absolutely precludes us from seeing eye to eye, mentally, with the lower animals.

But this structural difference of brain with its inevitable consequences, although it baulks us in one way, comes to our aid in another. As has been said, our custom of ascribing human faculties and modes of thought is an involuntary and invariable one when we are dealing with the mental processes of other beings. Even when we speak of the supernatural the same habit is manifest, and human passions, emotions, and weaknesses, are constantly ascribed to beings presumed to be infinitely more remote from us in power and knowledge than we are from the dog. Thus we see in the not very distant past, roasted flesh and fruits were thought by men to be acceptable to the gods; doubtless because they were pleasing to the palates of the worshippers, who reasoned by analogy from the known to the unknown. This should teach us to bear in mind that there is, affecting the dog's point of view, almost undoubtedly such a thing as *cynomorphism*, and that he has his peculiar and limited ideas of life and range of mental vision, and therefore perforce makes his artificial surroundings square with them. It has been said that a man stands to his dog in the position of a god; but when we consider that our own conceptions of deity lead us to the general idea of an enormously powerful and omniscient *Man*, who loves, hates, desires, rewards, and punishes, in human-like fashion, it involves no strain of imagination to conceive that from the dog's point of view his master is an elongated and abnormally cunning dog; of different shape and manners certainly to the common run of dogs, yet canine in his essential nature.

The more one considers the matter

the more probable does this view become. If we, with our much wider range of mental vision, and infinitely greater imaginative grasp of remote possibilities, the result of our reading and experience, are still bound by the tether of our own brain limits to anthropomorphic criteria when endeavoring to analyze superhuman existences, still more is it likely that the dog, with his mere chink of an outlook on the small world around him, is completely hedged in by canine notions and standards when his mind has to deal with creatures of higher and mysterious attributes.

At any rate, it will not be difficult to show that the dog's habits are generally consistent with this hypothesis. As far as mental contact is concerned, he treats his master and the human members of the household as his comrades, and behaves in many ways as if he were at home with the pack. Thus all the tribal virtues previously mentioned come into play. He guards the common lair and becomes a watch-dog, and by his barking calls his adopted brethren to his aid. He submits readily to the rules of the house because an animal belonging to a community must be prepared to abide by certain laws which exist for the common good. He defends his master if attacked—or, possibly, if not a courageous dog, gets up a vehement alarm to call others to his aid—because he has an instinctive knowledge of the importance of loyalty to a comrade, and because, as has been shown, loyalty to a leader is especially necessary. He is ready in understanding and obeying orders, owing to the fact that, when acting in concert with wild companions, it was absolutely needful that the young and inexperienced should comprehend and fall in with the purpose of the more intelligent veterans. The same ancestral habits and tendencies render him helpful as a sporting dog, and in herding or driving sheep and cattle. This last employment is very much like a mild kind of hunting, under certain special rules and restrictions, and with the killing left out. It has been observed that the Indian dholes will patiently and slowly drive

wild animals in the direction of their habitat during their breeding season before killing them, so as to have the meat close at home; and this could only be accomplished by the whole pack exercising a patient self-control, and by the leaders constantly keeping in check the fierce impulse of the younger members to rush in and kill the weary and bewildered quarry.

The peaceable disposition and readiness to submit to discipline are also tribal virtues of which we take advantage. The dog, when he slinks away with drooping tail when reproved, or rolls abjectly over on his back and lies, paws upwards, a picture of complete submission, is still behaving to his master as his wild forefather did to the magisterial leaders of the troop, or a victorious foe of his own species.

Jesse states that when a pariah dog of one of the Eastern cities desires to pass through a district inhabited by another pack, he skulks along in the humblest fashion, with his tail depressed to the utmost, and, on being challenged, rolls over, and there remains, limp and supine, submissively awaiting leave to proceed. The same thing can be observed when a large and fierce dog makes a dash at a young and timid one. This expressive and unmistakable method of showing submission is calculated to disarm hostile feelings, and contributes to peace and harmony, and therefore to the unity and prosperity of the body politic.

Although it would seem that the canine imagination from its very feebleness transforms man into a dog, yet, as we should expect, arguing from the cynomorphic hypothesis, it does not stop here. In Darwin's most interesting account of the shepherd dogs of the Argentine, given in chapter viii. of his "*Voyage of the Beagle*," he shows that, by a careful system of training, the herdsmen have taught the dogs to regard their charges as fellows of the same pack with themselves; inasmuch that a single dog, although he will flee from an enemy if alone, will, as soon as he reaches the flock to which he is attached, turn and face any odds, evi-

dently with the notion that the helpless and frightened sheep ranged behind him are able to back him up just as if they were members of a canine community of which he was leader. The passage is too long for quotation, but all who are interested in the subject should refer to it.

An instance of the operation of the cyno-morphic idea can be seen in the behavior of a dog when a bone is given to him. He will generally run off with it to some quiet spot, and is suspicious of every one who comes near him, evidently having the notion that what is to him a valuable possession is likely to be regarded as such by his human associates. Few dogs when gnawing a bone will allow even their masters to approach without showing signs of displeasure, and a fear of being dispossessed of their property, only consistent with the idea that the bipedal "dog" wants to gnaw the bone himself.

Every one has noticed the elaborate preliminaries which go before a canine battle. Teeth are ostentatiously displayed, the animals walk on tiptoe round one another, and erect the hair on their backs as if each wished to give the impression that he was a very large and formidable dog, and one not to be encountered with impunity. Frequently hostilities go no further than this, and one turns and retires with a great show of dignity, but plainly with no wish to fight.

When we come to analyze these proceedings it will be seen that the ends of battle are often gained in a bloodless manner by this diplomatic exhibition of warlike preparations and capabilities. The primary object of a hostile meeting between dogs (as well as between higher animals) is to decide a question of precedence, either general or particular. Now, if we could only settle which was the best man in any dispute by duels & *outrance*, a great deal of blood would be shed unnecessarily, and many valuable lives lost to the community. The introduction of moral weapons is therefore a great point gained, for injury to one is injury to all. The quick recognition of the superiority of a foe, and the per-

ception of when submission should take the place of valor, is plainly of advantage to the individual, since a pig-headed obstinacy in resistance would frequently lead to elimination. Where in the serious business of life there is an interdependence of individuals associated for common ends, any influence which lessens the severity of internecine conflicts tends to the general well-being. Just as commanding officers have forbidden duels between members of an army in the field, so nature has among gregarious animals, and especially those of predatory habits, discountenanced strife which might weaken the general efficiency of the pack.

Few animals excel the dog in the power of expressing emotion. This power is a sure sign of an animal which is habitually in communication with its fellows for certain common ends. Although probably long association with and selection by man have accentuated this faculty, a considerable share of it was undoubtedly there from the beginning, and was of service long before the first dog was domesticated. It is easy to see how important it is for the general good that the emotions of any member of a pack of dogs should be known to the others. If, for instance, one of the number should perceive an enemy, such as a snake or leopard, lying in ambush, his rapid retreat with depressed tail would instantly warn the others of the danger.

There are many reasons for the tail being the chief organ of expression among dogs. They have but little facial expression beyond the lifting of the lip to show the teeth and the dilation of the pupil of the eye when angry. The jaws and contiguous parts are too much specialized for the serious business of seizing prey to be fitted for such purposes, as they are in man. With dogs which hunt by scent the head is necessarily carried low, and is therefore not plainly visible except to those close by. But in the case of all hunting dogs, such as foxhounds, or wolves which pack together, the tail is carried aloft, and is very free in movement. It is also frequently rendered more conspicuous by the tip

being white, and this is almost invariably the case when the hounds are of mixed color. When ranging the long grass of the prairie or jungle, the raised tips of the tails would often be all that an individual member of the band would see of his fellows. There is no doubt that hounds habitually watch the tails of those in front of them when drawing a covert. If a faint drag is detected suggestive of the presence of a fox, but scarcely sufficient to be sworn to vocally, the tail of the finder is at once set in motion, and the warmer the scent the quicker does it wag. Others seeing the signal instantly join the first, and there is an assemblage of waving tails before ever the least whimper is heard. Should the drag prove a doubtful one the hounds separate again, and the waving ceases, but if it grows stronger when followed up, the wagging becomes more and more emphatic, until one after another the hounds begin to whine and give tongue, and stream off in Indian file along the line of scent. When the pack is at full cry upon a strong scent the tails cease to wave, but are carried aloft in full view.

The whole question of tail-wagging is a very interesting one. All dogs wag their tails when pleased, and the movement is generally understood by their human associates as an intimation that they are happy. But when we attempt to discover the reason why pleasure should be expressed in this way, the explanation appears at first a very difficult one. All physical attributes of living beings are, upon the evolutionary hypothesis, traceable to some actual need, past or present. The old and delightfully conclusive dictum that things are as they are because they were made so at the beginning, no longer can be put forward seriously outside the pulpit of the nursery. No doubt in many cases, as for instance the origin of human laughter, the mystery seems unfathomable. But this only results from our defective knowledge of data upon which to build the bridge of deductive argument. The reason is there all the time could we but reach it; and almost daily we are able to account for

mysterious and apparently anomalous phenomena which utterly baffled our predecessors.

Probably the manner in which domestic dogs express pleasure is owing to some interlocking of the machinery of cognate ideas. In order to understand this better it may be helpful to consider some analogous instances with regard to habits of our own species.

One of the most philosophical of living physicians, Dr. Lauder Brunton, has clearly and amusingly shown that the instinctive delight and eagerness with which a medical man traces an obscure disease step by step to its primary cause and then enters into combat with it, is referable to the hunter's joy in pursuit, which doubtless characterized our savage ancestors when they patiently tracked their prey to its lair and slew it for glory or for sustenance.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Grant Allen, I believe, first suggested that our appreciation of bright and beautiful colors, and therefore of the splendors of the flower garden or of the sunset tints in the sky, might be owing to the frugivorous habits of our very early progenitors, to whom the sight of red or golden ripe fruit was naturally one of acute pleasure. Supporting this startling inference (which is perhaps not so far-fetched as appears at first sight) is the very curious fact that occasionally, when we feel an acute thrill of pleasure from looking at a beautiful picture, or sunset, or indeed any harmonious combination of color which gives exquisite enjoyment through the eye, the salivary glands appear to be automatically stimulated, and "our mouths water" while we look. It is as if the old track of an out-of-date reflex between the part of the eye which takes account of color and the mouth—proceeding *viâ* what may be called the "pleasure centres"—were still open in spite of many centuries of disuse.

Another apposite illustration is the delight we derive from all manner of contests of wits and muscles, so that all our games from whist to football, par-

take of the nature of strife for the mastery. A game is of course a systematic and recognized method of obtaining pleasure, and if we take a survey of all the most popular forms of enjoyment of this kind, we shall find that none of them are free from the element of that struggle for supremacy which has been a chief factor in the evolution of the human race, especially throughout the ages of barbarism.

Now if arboreal man took delight in discovering and devouring luscious and gorgeous fruits, and savage man in finding and hunting down wild animals, and barbarous man in fighting his rivals or the foes of his tribe—and all these ancient habits leave an impress upon our modern ways of seeking and showing pleasure—we can see that the dog's manner of manifesting pleasurable emotions may be traceable to certain necessary accompaniments of remote wild habits of self-maintenance.

As with man, so with the dog; civilization has made existence much more complex. The sources of pleasure of the savage man are few compared with those of the cultured and civilized, yet we find that the means of expression which we possess are but elaborations of those existing long before civilization began. We must, therefore, look at the dog's past history and find out what were his most acute pleasures, and what the gestures accompanying them, when he was a pure and simple wild beast, if we wish to elucidate his manner of expressing pleasure now.

There can be no question that the chief delight of wild dogs, as with modern hounds and sporting dogs, is in the chase and its accompanying excitement and consequences. One of the most thrilling moments to the human hunter (and doubtless to the canine), and one big with that most poignant of all delights, anticipation of pleasurable excitement combined with muscular activity, is when the presence of game is first detected. As we have seen in watching the behavior in a pack of foxhounds, this is invariably the time when tails are wagged for the common good. The wagging is an almost invariable accom-

<sup>1</sup> The Method of Zadig in Medicine, p. 5. Macmillan & Co. 1892.



paniment of this form of pleasure, which is one of the chiefest among the agreeable emotions when in the wild state. Owing to some inoculation of the nervous mechanism, which at present we cannot unravel, the association of pleasure and wagging has become so inseparable that the movement of the tail follows the emotion whatever may call it forth.

An explanation of a similar kind can be found for the fact that dogs depress their tails when threatened or scolded. When running away the tail would be the part nearest the pursuer, and therefore most likely to be seized. It was therefore securely tucked away between the hind legs. The act of running away is naturally closely associated with the emotion of fear, and therefore this gesture of putting the tail between the legs becomes an invariable concomitant of retreat or submission in the presence of superior force. When a puppy taken out for an airing curves its tail downwards and scuds in circles and half-circles at fullest speed around its master, it is apparently trying to provoke its pseudo-cynic playfellow to pursue it in mock combat. It may be observed that this running in sharp curves, with frequent change of direction, is a common ruse with animals which are pursued by larger enemies. The reason of it is that the centrifugal impulse acts more powerfully on the animal of larger bulk, and so gives the smaller an advantage.

Several years ago there was a good deal of discussion of the distinctive peculiarity of the pointer and setter, in the *Field* and other papers. It was suggested that the habit of standing still as soon as game was scented, instead of springing forward at once to seize it, was an instance of the manner in which a natural instinct might be absolutely reversed by training. One of the explanations attempted at the time for this apparent anomaly was, that the immovable position of the dog was comparable to the pause which most beasts of prey make before a final spring. But we must recollect, when considering this theory, that few of the

*Canidæ* pounce from an ambush suddenly upon their prey after the manner of cats. And although a terrier will stand immovable before a rat-hole for hours together, his patient, watchful attitude is very different from the rigid and strained position of the pointer or setter; which position also has nothing in it suggestive of crouching, preparatory to a rapid bound forwards, as is seen when a cat stalks a bird, and then gathers herself together before the final *coup*.

Not unfrequently the tail of a young setter when it sets game may be seen trembling and vibrating as if it had a disposition to wag, which was kept in check by the supreme importance of not disturbing the hare or covey. The tail also is held out in full view like a flag, whereas a ratcatcher's dog on the watch at a hole will often droop its tail.

I think that there can be no doubt that the pointer and setter, in acting in their characteristic manner, are following an old instinct connected with an important piece of co-operative pack strategy, although the peculiarity has been enhanced by human training and selection, and the sportsmen with their guns have supplanted, and therefore act the part of, the dog's natural comrades in the chase.

The writer during his boyhood had charge of a small pack of beagles at a South Down homestead, several of which were allowed to run loose at night as a guard against the foxes. Amongst these was an old dog, a part bred Skye-terrier, very sagacious, and well known in all the country round as a sure finder when the pack were used to drive rabbits in the gorse.

Old Rattler (what a throng of memories the name calls up!) was the recognized leader of the others, and not unfrequently he would conduct them on a private hunting expedition, in which he served as sole huntsman and whip. Often on a still night his sharp yapping bark, accompanied by the clearer, long-drawn music of the beagles, might be heard among the hills, as they drove a predatory fox from the farm-buildings, or strove to run down one of the tough

South Down hares. It soon became evident that this pack had a certain regular system of co-operation, and, like the African wild dogs, well described by Dr. S. T. Pruen, in his recent book, "The Arab and the African," they made a practice of playing into one another's hands, or rather, mouths. Old Rattler would generally trot on ahead, surveying every likely tuft of grass or ling, and exhibiting that inquisitiveness and passion for original research so characteristic of the terrier. On arriving at a small outlying patch of furze he would invariably proceed to the leeward side, so that as the wind drew through the cover it would convey a hint of whatever might be there concealed.

He would give several critical sniffs, with head raised and lowered alternately, and then would either trot indifferently away, or else stand rigid with quickly vibrating tail and nose pointed towards the bush. The other dogs seemed to understand instantly what was required of them, and they would quickly surround the covert. When they were all in their place, and not until then, the cunning old schemer would plunge with a bound into the furze, and out would dash a hare or rabbit, often into the very jaws of one of the beagles.

By this artifice, which had never been taught them by man, the pack when hunting for themselves would doubtless often secure a meal, preceded by the delight of killing, without the wearisome process of tiring out a hare.

Now it appears to me that this habit of the leader of the pack—a habit which, from its similarity to what has been observed in the case of such widely separated *Canidæ* as the dingo, wolf, and hyena dog, is one that is traceable to very remote wild ancestors—is the basis of that peculiar talent in the pointer or setter which adds to the piquancy of a day's shooting and to the weight of the bag.

Let us endeavor to look at the part played by a pointer in the light of cynomorphic theory.

"Ponto" goes out with his pack (often a very scratch one), his comrades

walking on two legs instead of four like ordinary dogs, and carrying their tails, or organs of a somewhat similar aspect, over their shoulders. The pack separate and advance in line, he being appointed to explore in the van and to search the turnips or rape for a tell-tale whiff of the scent of game. The covey is detected, but, being a co-operative and loyal dog, he does not rush in and try to catch for himself. He therefore stands and waits for his partners to perform their share of the stratagem. All that he has to do is to show them in an unmistakable manner that there is quarry worth having in front of his nose. The pack advance, he generally taking careful note of their approach, the covey rises, the "tails" of the bipedal dogs explode, and Ponto is rewarded by holding in his mouth a palpitating mass of feathers, with perhaps the stimulating flavor of blood, and by a public intimation that the community or pack approve of his conduct and esteem him, what he dearly loves to be thought, "a good dog."

When we come to consider the very long period during which dogs have been domesticated and under the influence of deliberate selection, it is surprising to find how much in their behavior they resemble their wild brethren. The rule seems to hold good here as elsewhere, that the outward form is much more plastic to the influence of environment than the character and mental habits which are dependent upon the nervous system. Thus, although the deerhound and pug are so different in external appearance that it is difficult to believe that they are related, yet if we watch them we find that their mental and moral qualities are of a similar cast. The fine grey wolf in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, and the performing wolves recently exhibited in London, when in a good humor, had precisely the same methods of expressing pleasure as the domestic dogs, and would wag their tails and gambol about in a manner which made one doubt for the moment whether they were not in reality Scotch collies masquerading as wild beasts.

There are many other traits in our domestic dogs suggestive of their ancestral habits, which cannot be dealt with in this article, but which offer a most interesting field for study to every one who possesses a dog and a taste for research in this direction.

In concluding it may be well to notice briefly the chief points of dissimilarity between the wild and tame *Canidæ*. In the first place, there is a general difference of aspect and bearing which it is difficult to describe exactly. The wild animal has an alert, independent look which the tame one has lost, chiefly owing to its long-continued habit of dependence upon man. Although, of course, all breeds of tame dogs have been at some time or other deliberately adapted by training and selection for special purposes, yet there seem certain characteristics which have risen spontaneously, or because the parts in which they are manifest are correlated with some others where an intentional change has been brought about. Darwin gives an instance of this in the hairless dogs, which at the same time are deficient in teeth. This question of correlation is one of the most interesting and obscure problems of natural history, and perhaps we are at present a little too ready (with our hereditary tendency to take refuge in an imposing mystery whenever our reasoning powers fail us) to ascribe to it certain phenomena, the explanation of which by the ordinary laws of evolution is not clear.

Most probably the drooping ears of our domesticated hounds and hunting dogs primarily arose from the fact that the savage huntsman, disregarding shape, picked those dogs to breed from which manifested the keenest powers of scent, and that in these individuals the ears were not so much in use as with others. Again, in every litter of whelps, the surly, independent and ill-tempered brute would always be more likely to be eliminated than those which were confiding and tractable; and so, from age to age, the chief outward traits which distinguish the dog from wolves and jackals would tend to increase.

Finally, the instinct of association has, in the case of the domestic dog, become more exactly fitted to the new conditions of environment. He makes himself thoroughly at home with us because he feels that he is with his own proper pack, and not among strangers or those of an alien race. The wild animal, on the contrary, which refuses to become domesticated, still has the perception that those who would palm themselves off as his comrades are creatures of a different nature. He sturdily refuses to become a party to the fraud, and remains suspicious of their intentions; and, whatever they may do to propitiate him, he keeps on the *qui vive* as against a possible enemy.

LOUIS ROBINSON.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
HOLY WAZAN.

AWAY in the mountains of Morocco, about a hundred miles from Tangier, on the steep northern slopes of the double-peaked Buhallel, lies Wazan. As one approaches the town from the Tangier road one comes quite suddenly upon it; for although, almost as soon as one issues from the narrow gorge of M'smoda and proceeds over the long plain that divides the two ranges of hills, the mountain of Wazan is in sight, yet the town lying on the further side of a projecting spur is entirely hidden, the large village of Karsharien alone being visible.

An hour or two over the plains, and the road begins to ascend, winding between high hedges of prickly pears, aloes, and canes, amongst rich olive and orange groves, until it reaches its summit at the half-ruined village mentioned above, a scattering of thatched houses, monotonous in form and tone, and with little to relieve the coloring or form beyond the whitewashed mosque and a domed saint's tomb. Yet Karsharien is far from being an unattractive village; the very ruins which lie scattered about amongst the more habitable houses give the place a thoroughly Oriental look; while gardens of oranges and olives,

and a background of steep mountain, help not a little to add to its picturesqueness.

Passing through the outskirts of the village the road leads one along wooded slopes, through the thickly planted olive-trees of which can be seen peeping here and there the ruined tomb of some long-forgotten saint.

The ridge is crossed, and a flat, level space lies before one. The rocky, narrow path widens out into an open, sandy road, and one is in Remel, one of the outskirts of Wazan. A few rather handsome houses indicate that a shereef or two have taken up their residence at this spot; while on the very peak of a hill to the left glitters the white-domed tomb of Sidi Tami Ben Mahammed, who in his time played no unimportant part in the history of Wazan. Here the road narrows again for a few hundred yards, proceeding at first between high hedges and then through a small suburb of grey-tiled houses, until one finds one's self suddenly in the open *soko* or market-place of Wazan, with the city stretched out before one.

This first view of the place cannot be anything but a pleasing one. The very situation of the town on the steep wooded mountain-side, the grey-tiled roofs and whitewashed houses, the valley and gardens below, the high mountain above, the more decorated and pretentious dwellings of the shereefs, and the background of dull olive-trees, in themselves form a picture which one will with difficulty forget; and it is only the most prosaic of mankind who will ignore the picturesqueness to note the ruinous state of many of the buildings, and the fact that mud and dirt are as common objects in the holy city of Wazan as in any other Moorish town. And even should the town fail to please him, he has only to turn his eyes away to the north to gaze over range beyond range of mountain-peaks to where in the far away the great mountain of Sheshouan, capped with snow for the greater part of the year, rears its barren head; for nature has certainly not been neglectful of her handiwork in the surroundings of Wazan, and man has added in no little

degree to what nature has already done, for from almost every grove of trees peeps the tomb of some dead shereef. Here it is a whitewashed dome, here a gorgeous, green-tiled cupola, there a dull grey thatch.

At the further end of the *soko* one enters the town by an arched gateway, from which a steep winding ascent leads one to the *zaouia* or holy precincts of the shereefian family.

It is this shereefian family who have made Wazan what it is, a city of no little importance, considerably larger than Tangier in size, and a place of pilgrimage.

When Muley Idrees, descendant of the prophet Mahammed, founded Fez, he formed what were, and still are, called *zaouias* in many districts of Morocco. These *zaouias* served the double purpose of places for collecting moneys and as a means of furthering the interests of his family, by planting a relation in various parts of the country. Amongst the places where the great saint formed a *zaouia* was the site upon which Wazan now stands, and here he sent as his representative one of his sons, the founder of the great shereefian family.

To follow the history of this family through its many generations would be a tedious and unprofitable task, though manuscripts, not only concerning them and their times, but in many cases even in their own handwritings, are still in the possession of the shereef.

It was not, however, until early in the seventeenth century that Wazan became famous. Hitherto the *shorfa*, or shereefs, had been content to live a pastoral life amongst their flocks and herds, and though revered on account of their holy descent from the Prophet and from Muley Idrees, they had not, so far, risen to any great renown. Probably simplicity was the principal feature of the early *shorfa* of Wazan—simplicity combined with a certain amount of sanctity and knowledge, such as book-reading and writing. But in the early part of the seventeenth century there sprang of the Wazan family a remarkable man, known throughout

Morocco, and even in many Mahammedan lands far beyond Morocco, as Muley Abdullah Shereef. Of what he was like in appearance no record remains, but probably he was an exceedingly ordinary-looking personage, for according to all accounts he was continually assuming the disguise of poor men; and the very fact that his disguise was never discovered until he himself made it apparent by some marvellous speech, or even a miracle, tends to further this theory.

Needless to say that in the many years that have elapsed since the time of Muley Abdullah Shereef, the brain of man, always ready amongst the Arabs to receive the marvellous, and to pass it on with a few additions, has added to, or invented, many a tale, so that it renders it difficult for one to judge as to what may be accepted as truth and what may not. However, some so grossly overstep the borders of possibility that they can at once be detected as fabrications; while others, dealing not so much with the marvellous and miraculous as with smart sayings and wit, may possibly, if not in themselves word for word genuine, be founded more or less upon fact.

As an example of the former, and as explaining to some extent the reverence paid to the Wazan family, I quote one tale.

The first sultan of the Fileli<sup>1</sup> (or present) dynasty, as yet only aspiring to the throne, happened to be in Sherrarda, one of the provinces of Morocco, and there asked the advice of a learned man as to what course he ought to pursue to further his ends and become sultan. "Go," replied the man, "to Wazan, to Muley Abdullah Shereef, and ask his advice."

With a handful of followers, the would-be sultan set out for Wazan, and, nearing the place, chanced upon an aged and decrepit man cutting wood by the roadside. "Tell me," asked the Fileli, "where I shall find Muley Abdullah Shereef?" "What do you want with him?" replied the old man; "he

is only an aged, crazy fool. You have your horse and followers; go on your way and leave the poverty-stricken old humbug of a shereef to himself!" "I do not care what he is," answered the prince; "whether he be poor or not is not my business. It is his advice I wish — than which there is no better in all Morocco." The old man, who, of course, was Muley Abdullah in disguise, hereupon seized him by the hand; and thrice the mountain of Buhallel rose into the heavens, and thrice returned to its place on earth. So did the shereef make himself known.

It is needless to continue the story, and tell how the young aspirant with some five-and-twenty followers attacked and routed the reigning sovereign at Al Kasr (Alcazar); or how the enemy saw a host of men in armor when, in reality, there were under thirty; or how Muley Abdullah Shereef, flying in the heavens, helped the Fileli to gain the day; or how he became sultan — the first of the now reigning dynasty.

The fact that this tale, amongst a hundred others, is accepted as truth, explains partially why so great a reverence is paid to the present representatives of his family, and why his own name is so renowned throughout Morocco.

Following Muley Abdullah Shereef — but not immediately — come two others, whose tombs are held in great veneration by the Moors — namely, Muley Tayib and Muley Tami; and with the exception of these two, until comparatively recent times, there have been none who rose above the ordinary run of shereefs, either by reason of miraculous power or any other shereefian attainment. But from the day of the death of Muley Abdullah Shereef, the name of Wazan has been a pass-word. It was he who raised a town where formerly little more than a village had stood; who built the mosque with its adjacent precincts for the *tolba*, or scholars; who brought water from Buhallel by aqueducts to the town below. In fact, Muley Abdullah Shereef has left behind him not only a collection of tales, such as I have quoted above, but

<sup>1</sup> Fileli, native of Taflelt (or Taflet).



firmer and more apparent proofs of his superior intellect and abilities. Almost equal to him in renown for sanctity is Sid el Hadj El Arbi, the father of Sid el Hadj Abdesalam, the present *mul' sheikh*, or head of the family. Sid el Hadj El Arbi was born toward the close of the last century, and died some forty years ago. Though so short a period has passed since his decease, he has been invested with as many miraculous acts and powers as his ancestors, amongst which the following will be sufficient to show the capability of the Moorish mind to swallow and believe. It is still averred, and not only by ignorant classes, but amongst people who are able to read and write, that whatever Sid el Hadj El Arbi asked for would immediately fall from heaven. But he is dead; and alas! this power has departed with him; for a personal acquaintance with his son renders me able to affirm that, however much he may wish for bank-notes, gold, railway shares, etc., they do not arrive in like manner, though it would be a very interesting experience to see what position the directors of a large company would take up on the presentation or sale of a quantity of heaven-sent shares.

Almost every one acquainted with Tangier will have heard of, or probably seen, Sid el Hadj Abdesalam, the great shereef of Wazan. His love for the sea, together with the fact that he is not altogether averse to some of our European comforts and luxuries, led him to buy a house in Tangier, and a country place a few miles outside, and there to settle. He is now a man of over sixty years in age, almost a negro in color—his mother was a black woman—but with pronounced Arab features, courteous and hospitable, always ready to listen to the complaints and hear the wrongs of poor people, and often able to redress them. Amongst Europeans he is of little account. Prejudice as to his being a native and a very natural repugnance to some of the traits of his character have prevented any great amount of intercourse between the Europeans and the shereef, and in spite of the fact that he married

an English wife he has never been a success; and it is only in a semi-official character—and even then extremely rarely—that he is ever seen in society. To those who know him he is always kind, and though one cannot admire his character, one cannot help being struck by his courteous and kindly demeanor. For the last few years he has suffered from ill-health, and seldom leaves his house, except now and again to take an early morning ride, surrounded by his slaves and attendants, or to drive in his carriage—the only one in Tangier—on the sands. Every year or two he visits Algeria, where he owns property, and where he usually takes a course of baths at one or other of the many hot springs of that country.

Sid el Hadj Abdesalam has two sons living at Wazan, and as their father only visits that place for a couple of months each year, they act as his deputies. They are respectively, Muley El Arbi and Muley Mahammed. The elder, Muley El Arbi, is a man of some forty years of age—gentle, refined, rather shy, and extremely kind; the second, Muley Mahammed, is stern, and better able than his brother to keep order amongst the turbulent people with whom they are surrounded. Like his brother, he is most kind and hospitable. A third son, Muley Tami, served for a time in the French army in Algeria, and although only a little over twenty years of age, has acquired all the vices to be picked up from the dregs of civilization added to those already engrafted in a low Oriental mind. No one who is acquainted with the shereefian family could believe Muley Tami to be the brother of Muleys El Arbi and Mahammed, so totally different is he from them in character. Sid el Hadj Abdesalam has yet two other sons, born to him by his English wife,—bright, clever boys, good riders, and keen sportsmen, speaking three or four languages fluently, and full of promise for the future. They live with their mother at Tangier, but have been educated at the Lycée at Algiers. Besides the family of Sid el Hadj Abdesalam, mentioned above, Wazan swarms with shereefs, cousins,

and connections of the main branch, but of no account, and paying the most dutiful allegiance to the head of the family, on whose sufferance they almost exist.

Those who would expect to find at Wazan the luxury of, say, the "Arabian Nights," would be very much disappointed, for there, as elsewhere in Morocco, everything is very simple. Conservative to a degree, life has never been suffered to undergo a change; and the time is passed now as it has probably been passed for generations.

Architecturally, with the exception of one or two handsome "bits," notably the huge mosque and tombs of the shereefs—which no Christian is permitted to visit—the green-tiled minaret of the mosque of Sid el Hadj El Arbi, and the garden and *koubbah*, or summer-house, of Muley Mahammed, there is very little that rises above the ordinary standard of a Moorish town. Yet in the *zaouia* of the shereefs there are a few old doorways and a window or two which are by no means to be despised, and in which an artist would find much that is attractive, if not really beautiful.

Like all Moors, the shereefs have allowed much to fall to wreck and ruin. One builds himself a summer-house, bringing workmen from Fez to paint the roofs and doors, decorates the arcade with fine tile-work, and the garden with fountains. In time he dies, and his descendants build for themselves according to their own tastes, leaving what is already standing to fall, or using the favorite resorts of their ancestors as a place in which to house the many pilgrims who flock to Wazan in summer and autumn.

Certainly the prettiest spot in Wazan is the *koubbah* and garden of Muley Mahammed. The gardens, for there are two, one beyond the other, are small, and surrounded by high white walls, over which trail creepers in almost tropical luxuriance. At the end of the first garden stands the *koubbah*, a series of several rooms divided by archways, and faced with a handsome façade of Moorish horseshoe arches. In these *koubbahs* or summer-houses the

shereefs spend the day drinking tea and coffee incessantly, managing the affairs of Wazan, trying cases, and discussing literary matters with the *tolba* or scholars, and utterly oblivious of what is going on in Europe, comparatively so near, never having heard the name of Bismarck or Gladstone, and paying less attention to some huge European war than they would to a skirmish between a couple of tribes in the vicinity of Wazan.

At one end of the garden is a tank of water into which a stream is constantly tumbling—a tank full of goldfish—which adds a charm by its music to the garden, a blaze of flowers. The *koubbah* itself is by no means unattractive; from the windows at the back, which open down to the ground, one gazes far over the valleys and mountains to the rocky peaks of Sheshouan and Ghama.

The second garden belongs to the house, and the privacy with which the women are kept renders it very seldom that it is shown to visitors. Like the former, it is in spring and summer a blaze of flowers, amongst which flourish standard roses and Neapolitan violets in great abundance. Several gaudy trellis-work summer-houses and a fountain or two give the place a more Oriental look than the other. The very gaudiness would be almost an eyesore in England; but here away in Morocco one sees only the brilliancy of the coloring, typically Moorish.

In the house of Muley Mahammed is one court that is really charming. It contains a large tank, some forty feet in length by twenty in breadth, in which float shoals of goldfish. In the centre plays a fountain, and all round is a covered arcade, where often the writer has sat on Persian rugs and sipped coffee to the sound of the musicians, who with guitar and singing pass away the time. Incense burns in a chased bowl of brass and copper, and the long-necked silver bottles are sprinklers full of orange and rose water. Such is life at Wazan.

But the shereefs play a more important rôle in Moorish life than that I have described above. All through Morocco,

almost all through North Africa, are the shorfa of Wazan known, and from the most distant oases of the Sahara come the pilgrims. The few—the very few—Europeans who visit Wazan do so in winter, and are not impressed by the place as they would be if they came in spring or summer, when the gardens are golden and white with the fruit and flower of the orange-trees, and the tall, green bamboos lancelike rear their heads above the thick hedges of aloes and prickly pears, when for miles the country is brilliant with narcissus and iris. In autumn, too, Wazan is charming. In truth, the surrounding country looks bare and dried up; but in and near the town water is always flowing, and everything retains its greenness. When the plains of the Gharb district, only a few miles away, but out of sight of Wazan, are sweltering under the autumn sun, the cool east breeze is blowing over the mountain-tops to refresh the town and its inhabitants. Then, too, come the pilgrims. Every day they stream into Wazan sometimes singly, often more than a hundred together with banners and music and bearing offerings. Strange figures can be seen in Wazan then. One day the town is full of Riaffa, from the Riff, with their *gitayas*, or long locks of hair on the back of their shaved heads. They bring walnuts and almonds and honey to the shereef, for their country is a poor one and mountainous. The next day, perhaps, arrive the devotees of some tribe from the Sahara. They have been a month perchance on the road, and arrive weary and footsore. Some few are mounted on mares, the most part on foot. Their women and children come with them. In long line they troop through the town until they reach the zaouia of the shereefs, and there form into a mass, and with banners waving and singing some wild hymn, they slowly proceed to the presence of him they have come so far to see.

The shereef sits in his koubbah at a window opening nearly to the ground. With him are some of his relations and friends. Slowly the pilgrims approach, and, one by one leaning through the

window, kiss the hem of his *jelab*; then form into a semicircle on the terrace before him. The shereef speaks to them, and breathless they listen to his words, as if some great oracle were holding forth. Their spokesman is an old man, chosen by general assent, and he in return pays the compliments on behalf of his tribe. Then they bring their offerings—money in large quantities, bags of silver dollars, a few carpets and rugs, perhaps a horse or a mare, and a couple of young gazelle for the children.

The next day others arrive and are received, and bring their presents in like manner. These pilgrims usually remain some three or four days in Wazan, during which time they are fed and housed by the shereefs. On the eve of their departure they again troop in before him, and kissing him as before, form a semicircle round his window. Every one's hands are held open before him, and with a wonderful quiet dignity the shereef bestows his blessing on them and on their tribe. Before daylight the next morning they are gone, to plod their weary way back to their own country.

Again arrive the long-cloaked Berbers who inhabited Morocco long before the Arab invasion, speaking the strange Shleh tongue. Tall, wiry men, with high cheek-bones and small eyes, they resemble much more a Tartar people than the Semitic Arab race. Even they are divided up into respective tribes, and each *kabyla* has its distinctive type. Some are fair, some olive-colored, some tall, some almost abnormally short. Acknowledging no sultan and no government, Mahammedans in little more than name, constantly at war with the Moorish authorities and with each other, a strange, wild people inhabiting the unexplored mountains of eastern Morocco, they yet pay a reverence almost fanatical to Wazan and its family.

The writer spent the summer and autumn of 1890 at Wazan, and during his stay there passed not a single day that was not of interest. A constant and ever-changing panorama of strange people and strange dresses—negroes

from Tuats, an oasis far away in the Sahara, a month's journey or more distant; the fair hillsmen of the mountains of north-west Morocco; the coarse-featured Arabs of the plains; the richly dressed merchants of Fez, bringing cloth and silks and dresses; the high-cheek-boned Berbers — every day a change. Besides the feeding and housing of the pilgrims who flock to Wazan, the shereefs maintain enormous households. Not only have the wives and women in the houses their own slaves, but there are numbers of others who belong apparently to no one, do no work or very little, but whose meals regularly arrive from the residence of the shereefs. The number of cooked dishes of meat and *kooskoosoo* that issue daily from the shereefian kitchens for the household and retainers alone is astonishing. The writer has attempted once or twice to obtain an accurate number of the slaves at Wazan, but without success. Even the shereefs themselves are not aware as to how many they possess, for a great number, in reality and by law slaves, have been started in business by the shereefs, and now own shops in the town or work as builders or iron-smiths. These men are all liable to be called out in case of emergency, as are also a great number of the townspeople, whom the shereefs have supplied with rifles and ammunition on the understanding that in cases of necessity they are to be at their service. This principle, it will be noted, closely resembles our ancient feudal system.

It would do those good who write passionate articles on Moorish slavery to see the well-fed, lazy slave of Wazan lounging in the sun, *kiff*-pipe in mouth, and scarcely doing a stroke of work from week's end to week's end. The most ordinary English kitchenmaid would accomplish in a couple of hours what a Wazan slave does in a week. All are free to come and go as they please, but none avail themselves of this freedom. The reason is not far to seek. In Wazan they are fed and clothed by the shereefs, and on holidays and feast-days receive presents of money. Thus all the necessities of life

are found them without their having to work for them, which otherwise they would be obliged to do. Nor is it only the necessities of life that are thus supplied to them free, but they are given each his room to live in, and married at the expense of the shereefs to slave-women. Their children, by law slaves, are not necessarily so, and are often apprenticed to workmen to learn some trade, or, if they wish, are free to seek their fortune in other lands.

The gates of the *zaoula* are always open, and any one who wishes can gain an audience of the shereef, yet the slaves sitting at the doors often make use of their position to enforce small taxes from the people who enter, always done good-humoredly, and seldom meeting with a refusal. It is amusing to see, too, with what a high hand the lesser shereefs and courtiers are treated by the slaves, who often abuse them before their faces if they offend them, and in return can at times do them a good service as intermediaries between them and the outside world.

These lesser shereefs and courtiers form the disagreeable class at Wazan. They are the typical Oriental sycophants, who stick like leeches to their superiors, echoing their every word and thought, and kissing their garments in abject submission, and, should anything happen to render their masters in disgrace, the first to turn against them. Not all, happily, who collect in the *koubbahs* of Muley El Arbi and Muley Mohammed are of this class; and amongst them are some few who are really sincere and kind, but who are obliged by etiquette to follow on certain lines which to us would seem servile and menial.

Yet, in spite of the great authority and personality of the shereefs, there is scarcely a town seemingly more radical than Wazan. In a way, it almost touches the ideal of poets and enthusiasts. Amongst those who sit day by day in the presence of the great descendants of the Prophet are the skilled workmen of the town. Here in his long *haik* is the *mallem* (*maitre*) El Arbi, the Fezzi, whose bronze and brass work is re-

nowned throughout Morocco; whose coffee-pots, with graceful spouts and long handles, are of their kind perfect; whose kettles and tripod braziers are masterpieces of colored metal-work. Here, too, is the master mason and carpenter, who, almost without measures and instruments, will raise up perfect horse-shoe arches, and design a Moorish courtyard of symmetry with which no fault can be found. Here, also, are the *tolba*, or scholars, brimming over with quotations from the Koran, and with stomachs that never seem filled. Here, too, is the blind *mueddin*, who, though guided only by sense, is never a minute too soon or a minute too late in calling the hour of prayer from the minaret of the Mosque of Sid el Hadj El Arbi, the minaret of gorgeous green tiles. Yet, in spite of this, the illusion of social equality, based on a foundation of an appreciation of art, is very transitory, and soon vanishes. They crowd to the shereef because he is their leader, their employer. They bow before him not only on account of his sanctity, but also to pick up the crumbs that fall from his table—and crumbs by no means to be despised. Like vultures over the carcass of a dead camel, they fight and struggle amongst each other. Every one for himself, and his neighbor for the dogs. From a surrounding of these courtiers the character of the greater shereefs stand out superlatively finer. Subject to adoration from their earliest days, obeyed to the letter by thousands of people, possessing power which no sultan possesses—a power of inherited sanctity of religious pre-eminence; governing without a government; quelling disturbances and warfare without a soldier,—it cannot be wondered that a certain amount of self-confidence and pride is innate in them; yet they are kind to the heart without being condescendingly so; and the writer, who has spent months with them, living in their houses, spending day after day in their company, treated by them on terms with which no native is ever treated, accompanying them at times on their travels, and with them visiting places which otherwise it would be impossible for

him to visit, can scarcely find words to express his thanks. Besides their hospitality, he has received many kindnesses from them—favors in themselves perhaps unimportant, yet sufficing to show that under the calm Oriental reserve there is a kindly and unselfish nature.

Wazan has little of interest beyond its shereefian family and its surroundings. The town itself, though large, is poor. The long street with shops on either side shows no sign of wealth or beauty, yet for the artist it has its picturesqueness. At the end of this street is an archway leading to the bazaar, a series of little streets covered from the sun by trellis-work and light thatch, through which the sunbeams dance in fitful rays in summer, streaks of light in the deep gloom, and through which in winter the rain trickles in dismal cold drops, forming great puddles in the roughly paved streets. The shops present but little of interest, for they are filled almost entirely with European cottons and goods, and but few native manufactures or wares are to be found beyond scarlet cloth gun-cases, rough leather-work such as bags, and yellow and red shoes.

As in all towns, the greater part of the trade is in the bands of the Jews, who are the "middlemen" for everything. Despicable as they are all over Morocco, in Wazan they show to better advantage than elsewhere, and nowhere in the country has the writer met with a superior class of Jews. The shereefs have forbidden any such persecution as exists in other towns, and they are allowed to live in any part of the town without being confined to a *mellah* or Ghetto; while the shereef has also abolished the law, extant nearly all over Morocco, and allows the Jews to wear their shoes in all parts of the town. The fact that Wazan does not owe allegiance to the sultan has put them entirely into the hands of the shereefs, and one and all are enthusiastic about their kindness to them and the fairness with which they try cases in dispute between them and Moslems.

Beyond the bazaar, and reached by a



narrow street of shops, in which sit men sewing jelabs, is a courtyard, on to which opens one of the gates of the Mosque of Muley Abdullah Shereef. An arcade surrounds this open court, under which in tiny rooms sit the *adoul* or lawyers, richly dressed in haiks from Fez. They it is who draw up all legal documents as to property, etc.; and Moorish law as laid down by the Koran is at their finger-ends.

Wazan is renowned amongst the Moors for its manufacture of woollen stuffs, materials of which jelabs, the hooded garment of the natives, are made. Yet the fact that these woollen stuffs are all white, and that none of the Eastern love of colors exists here to a sufficient extent to render the working of such profitable, detracts from the interest one would otherwise have taken in this Wazan industry. The looms used for the weaving of these jelabs and haiks are almost identical with the hand-loom of North Ireland. The commoner sort of native knives, with leathern sheaths—deadly enough weapons in the hands of those who know how to use them, but happily seldom put to a more tragic service than cutting the throat of a sheep or a chicken—are also made here to a large extent.

Few, if any, of the cities of Morocco can compare for surroundings with Wazan. Gaze from the town which way one will, one sees nothing but valley and mountain and mountain and valley; some wooded with olive-trees, some bare and rocky, some capped in snow. Yet these mountains possess an unattractive side. Their fastnesses are inhabited by wild tribes, whose robberies and warfare often render life in Wazan scarcely bearable. On all sides the town is shut in by them, and any market-day they can be seen parading the streets in their short, brown embroidered jelabs, armed with gun and sword, and their scarlet cloth gun-cases wound round their heads. Splendid fellows to look upon, certainly, these mountaineers; but no villain ever represented on the stage was half so black in heart as most of them; yet there is in them such a swagger of self-confi-

dence, of moral, or immoral, superiority, that as far as outward appearances go one cannot help but admire them.

Of these mountaineers Wazan lives in a perpetual state of terror—excluding, of course, the shereefs and their belongings, who and which are sacred—and their constant presence in or about the place is to the inhabitants the one drawback to the town. Nor is their alarm unjustified, for on the five previous nights to that on which the writer is now penning these words, four men have been shot dead in the streets, and for absolutely no reason. Woe betide the townsman who is rash enough to leave his house after dark, and falls in with a band of these hillsmen! Should he have time to turn round a corner and run, he may get away scathless; but otherwise the probabilities are that a bullet from their unerring aim will drop him to the ground. Happily Wazan is not perpetually in this state; the tribesmen have fits of quietude. The rumor that the sultan and his soldiers are on the way to pay them a visit is sufficient to still their ardor for a time, yet the moment the rumor proves to be false—and most rumors do in Morocco—they burst out again. Nor is Wazan the only place in which they carry on their lawless doings. Amongst themselves they are continually at war. During the summer of last year (1890), the tribe of Ghruneh was fighting four other tribes—namely, Beni Issef, Helserif, M'smoda, and Azoua, of which the three latter is each larger than Ghruneh. Yet by maintaining a position entirely defensive, and never risking an inroad into the enemies' land, Ghruneh remains intact. But a much more serious tribal warfare is now taking place. The large tribe of Beni Msara are on the war-path, and their opponent is the smaller but more mountainous, and therefore less accessible, land of M'smoda. But one engagement has up to the present taken place, when a band of the Beni Msara attempted to force the river Zez, which forms the frontier of the tribe of M'smoda. Though outnumbering their enemy, they were driven back with considerable loss, and

the two tribes are now waiting for further instalments of men and guns before re-engaging in battle. Nor are these tribal warfares to be despised. The Beni Msara alone can put some four thousand warriors, each armed with a gun, into the field. To what extent this year's disturbances will grow remains to be seen. Possibly by the intervention of the shereef the tribes may be dissuaded from continuing a warfare which, whatever the result may be, cannot but prove disastrous to all concerned. Possibly the strife will continue, other tribes become embroiled, and a general rising take place in north-western Morocco, which only the presence of the sultan and his troops will be able to quell.

But to leave the mountaineers to themselves, and return to Wazan. Below the town, and about a quarter of a mile from its gate, is situated the house and garden of Sid el Hadj Abdesalam, the great shereef, and here he resides during the month or two he annually spends in Wazan. The house is small, and from the outside ugly—a square, whitewashed building, with windows covered with green jalousies; but the garden, for the most part a veritable wilderness of orange and olive groves, is a delightful spot; and one of the pleasantest episodes of life in Wazan is to take one's carpets and coffee to the garden, and spend the day wandering in the cool shade, shooting a few partridges or a hare perhaps, and returning to some shady nook to smoke a cigarette and drink coffee. One spot in the garden is *par excellence* the pleasantest: a great water-tank planted on either side with rows of bananas, and overhung at one end by shady trees, while at the other is a summer-house opening on to a façade of Moorish horseshoe arches, a terrace richly tiled, with a fountain playing in a marble basin, and a ceiling of rich painting, geometrical designs in red and green and gold. A grand place to swim in, too, for the tank is large and deep, and the water clear, and inhabited only by shoals of gold and silver fish. Here many an hour is spent in idleness, listening to the musicians, who with

guitar and tambourine help one to dream the time away.

A contrast to the days spent basking thus is the hunting and coursing that is the constant sport of the younger shereefs. When they can get away from school, generally to be arranged by tipping the *faki* or schoolmaster, the horses are saddled. The townspeople, always ready to give themselves a holiday, make this an excuse to leave their shops or their work, and donning their short brown jelabs, and shouldering their guns, flock to the zaouia.

The shereefs on their gorgeous saddles of silk and gold, the sun flashing on the long barrels of the native guns, the greyhounds leaping and bounding and chasing one another, and following in the rear a number of street urchins, and a score of scavenging dogs, all keen to hunt, and than which there are no better to rouse a hare or a jackal—all forms a brilliant picture.

Through the narrow lanes between the high hedges of the gardens, under the shade of the olive-trees of the Msala, where on the Eid el Kebir, or great feast, the town adjourns to pray, away to the open country they go.

As soon as the gardens are left behind, the beaters spread out in line, and with shouts and cries beat the covert, for the most part *doum* or stunted palm, growing to the height of about two feet. The greyhounds trot along with the beaters, while the horsemen keep to the upper ridges of the undulating country, so that wherever a hare may break she is in sight. Presently a wild shouting greets the ears, and between the patches of palmetto one catches a glimpse of a hare. The greyhounds are after her, and down the side of the hill gallop the horsemen, a streak of brilliant color. Away they all go, following wherever the hare turns; but the covert is thick, and she evades her pursuers, seeking refuge in some secluded nook, or in the bed or steep banks of a stream. To those who hunt or course in England the sport may sound poor. But it is not so. The country is rough and wild, and often many a fall occurs during a day's hunting, and the hares are fleet as

the wind, and although pure-bred English greyhounds are not unknown in Wazan, as often as not they escape untouched. Certainly, should luck favor one with a jackal, the sport is finer, and often a stiff twenty minutes ends with a kill in the open.

Nor is this the only sport Wazan can boast of, though this year the partridges have been few as a rule. The country abounds with them, and a couple of sportsmen on foot with good dogs can obtain a capital day's shooting. However, the Europeans who visit Wazan are few and far between, for unless one is personally known to the shereefs, or bears a letter to them from the great shereef at Tangier, it is almost impossible to visit, and quite impossible to stay there, as there are no facilities for camping, the *soko* or market being the only spot available, and there one finds the visits of the fanatical townspeople, and perhaps a band of mountaineers, so unpleasant, that one is only too glad to get away. Those, however, known to the shereef are housed in the *zaouïa*, and the fact that one is his guest prevents any show of ill-feeling on the part of the natives.

That Wazan abounds with evil characters cannot be denied. Being as it is a city of refuge, it is only natural that it is largely resorted to by men whose crimes have made it expedient for them to leave their homes. Amongst these especially may be mentioned the Riaffi or Riffi, Berbers inhabiting the north-east coasts of Morocco, speaking Riffi, a dialect of Shleh, of whom there are a great number in Wazan. Most, in fact, nearly without exception, have committed what we should call murder, but what in reality is nothing more than the *rendetta*, as rife now in this country as it ever was in Corsica. Most have killed their man, and so avenged the blood of the slain; and knowing that in turn the relations of him they have killed will lie in wait for them, have thought it best to seek other quarters, and with light hearts and clear consciences that honor has not been left unsatisfied, and that they have added to the list of their enemies one more corpse, have come to

seek a quiet and respectable life in Wazan. They can easily be recognized by their *gitaya*, or long locks of hair on the backs of their heads, and by their features, which in no wise resemble those of the Arabs.

As Wazan is a city of refuge for the outside world, so are the mosques and tombs of the shereefs for the inhabitants of Wazan; and men fleeing from justice or an enemy have been known to spend months, and even a year, in the holy precincts without once issuing forth. The great Mosque of Muley Abdullah Shereef, with its courts and arcades, affords shelter for any number of these refugees, and at the present moment no inconsiderable quantity are housed there. Their food is brought to them by their relations or friends, if they have any; and if not they either send or buy, or if moneyless exist on the charity of those who pray in the mosque. No Christian may enter these holy precincts, and as one passes the doors of the mosque one can only catch a glimpse of long rows of columns and arcades. The tombs themselves are within, each in its sanctuary. These holy of holies are said to be most gorgeous and beautiful. The ceilings and doors are richly painted and gilded, the walls and the tombs are hung with gold-embroidered velvet, while on every side are ranged the presents brought by the faithful who visit and pray there. Two centuries and a half of offerings are contained within these sanctuaries. Amongst them are candlesticks of silver and gold, boxes of illuminated manuscripts, more than a hundred clocks of all ages and fashions, a quantity of old china, and many other quaint things. Doubtless amongst this huge collection are articles of gold and silver, clocks, china, etc., which, on account of their ages and the great care that has always been taken of them, are almost priceless.

The business part of the sanctuaries is without doubt the huge boxes with grated tops into which the faithful drop their money. The sums thus collected are divided monthly into four parts, one-fourth being laid aside for the keeping

up of the tombs, and three-fourths goes to the shereefian family.

For the lover of quiet and repose, for the idler and the dreamer, Wazan has its charm; for those who love to hunt and to shoot and to watch the wild warfare of the mountaineers, Wazan has its charm; for those who take an interest in the strange people who flock there, and are ready to live amongst strange people, it equally has its charm. To one who, as the writer does, can lay claim to all three, it is most charming.

WALTER B. HARRIS.

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From The Nineteenth Century.  
THE PROTECTIVE COLOR IN ANIMALS.

By the protective color in animals is meant that tone and tint which they inherit by nature and always wear, or are able to assume by degrees, or suddenly at times of emergency, for purposes of safety against the attack of enemies, or of disguise when preying upon other creatures. Every reader of Mr. Bates's delightful record of his wanderings and research on the Amazons will readily understand the heading of this short paper, and recall with pleasure many striking examples of this strange peculiarity. He writes as a man of wide research and accurate scientific knowledge, titles to which I can make no claim. But, after reading the marvellous story of his eight years' patient toil in the forests, swamps, and jungle of the great river, the question occurred to me whether, if the whole of that vast region was crowded with such curious wonders in the insect world, some traces of like and kindred marvels might not be found here at home, among the fields and woods of England. The same laws which rule the world of nature there must, one would think, hold good here, similar causes being at work, and like results bound to follow. The more I thought of this, the more convinced was I that the reasoning was sound and the inference a fair one.

Now, it so happens that I live in what

is called a good "birdy" country. I am shut in on all sides by wide stretches of woodland, in which you may wander on for hours through the green grass-roads, and easily lose your way, groves of thick undergrowth, and avenues of beech and other trees that have weathered the storms of a hundred winters. Besides these, come many acres of wild No-man's land, where things have had their own way from time immemorial, with rich meadows and clear streams, hill, valley, and plain. I have been out and about in all weathers, winter and summer, at all hours of the day and not a few of the night, and, being but a poor vicar in the wilderness, have had to make my way on foot. This has given me many chances of observing for myself the varied round of ceaseless life among trees, plants, and the living creatures with which such a district abounds.

Compared with Mr. Bates's marvellous stage, this of course sinks into insignificance, though still not unworthy of notice. He tells us, for example, of one single district — Ega — in which he found seven thousand species of insects and five hundred and fifty distinct varieties of butterflies; whereas we have in England but sixty distinct butterflies, and about one thousand moths. Our world of observation, therefore, is in point of numbers comparatively small; but, being part of a greater whole, must be ruled by kindred laws. To make my meaning clearer, I will cite from his record only a few examples of the protective color in animals, as he noted them, and then look nearer home.

He tells us of a monstrous spider, *Mygale avicularia*, with a body two inches long and legs when expanded reaching to seven, who kills small birds, and hangs them up in a larder of thick web for future use. This robber carries on his murderous trade with cunning dexterity for which the poor finches are no match. His huge brownish body being thickly covered with coarse grey hairs, and exactly matching in color the trunk of the tree in some rough crevice of which he lurks unseen, he is ready to pounce out at a moment's notice upon

his hapless prey when once entangled in the fatal web. Another monster of the same genus, "five inches in expanse," of a brown tint with yellowish lines on his thick hairy legs, is equally rapacious, but, carrying on his depredations only at the door of his den in the brown earth, needs no protecting color, as he comes out only at night when all about him is in shadow. Next we have a green snake (*Dryophis fulgida*) who, when hunting for green frogs and lizards, winds in and out among "the flexuous stems of creeping plants, and so closely resembles them in color as almost to defy detection even by the keenest eyes." Close at hand among the bushes may be a huge grasshopper, whose broad fore wings when closed are of the exact color of the leaf on which he rests, so that his disguise is perfect, and he chirps on in safety. Yet, if the lizard, instead of haunting the green, leafy thicket, be of that species found crawling over the walls of buildings in the city, he puts on a totally different appearance from that of his own kindred in the forest, or even in the interior of houses, being of the exact hue of the ruined stone and mud walls on which he is found; while the house-lizard is speckled, and of an ashy-grey tint like the ceiling on which he rests, and for clinging to which his feet are specially adapted.

At Ega, again, was a tribe of large caterpillars, which differed from the others in possessing the art of fabricating cases out of broken fragments of wood and leaves, in which they lived secure while feeding and growing. Of these, some built their cases of small bits of stick, knitted together with fine silken threads, and so forming tubes like those of the caddis-worms in our own chalk streams, with which every trout, and every true angler, is so well acquainted. Others — *Saccophora* (sack-bearers) — choose leaves for the same purpose, and form an elongated bag, two and a half inches long, open at both ends and lined with thick soft web, which, being too heavy for the caterpillar to sustain while crawling, he cleverly fastens by a few threads to

adjacent leaves or twigs, and yet so that his house may swing free in the passing breeze. But all these cases alike — the same one rule being observed as to the safest tint and color of appearance — and a host of similar ones easily cited, are simply types of what is going on throughout the natural world.

Of this domain a few sections have been carefully explored, many only in part, whilst vast regions of insect life yet remain not only unexplored, but full of strange contradictions and anomalies, which baffle and perplex the investigator, on the very edge of mysteries beyond his ken.<sup>1</sup> One is obliged to say "vast regions" if we take but the word ocean as a field of inquiry, and think of what lies hidden in that infinite domain. The dredger, for example, along the Australian coast brings up in his net huge tangled masses of reddish seaweed. These being placed in a bucket of water, resolve themselves into long, streaming fronds of weed, swarming with tiny crabs, shrimps, and misshapen twisted pipe-fish, so exactly resembling them in color as to be hardly distinguished, clinging on to the stalks and leaves, so as to deceive the eyes of the sharpest enemies. The less perfect the concealment, the greater the chance of being eaten, so that while the brightly-colored or spotted creatures are easily seen and quickly devoured, those of the exact brown and grey tint survive. In obedience to this same law live all the creatures that haunt the soil of the deep sea; the sole and the flatfish assume the very color of the mudbank or sand on which they rest, while the shrimps on which they feed change their hue to grey, green, or brown, as best serves the chance of escape.

Turn from the sea to the land, and it is still the same among beasts, birds,

<sup>1</sup> What is to be said, for instance, of a certain tribe of large *Saïbra* ants, in each nest of which three classes of workers are found — two having hard, polished heads, but the third with heads thickly coated with hair, and having in the middle of the forehead a twin ocellus, or simple eye, totally differing in structure from the ordinary composite eyes on the side of the head, and entirely wanting in the two other orders of workers, and unknown in any other species of ant? What has evolution to say to these Cyclops?



reptiles,<sup>1</sup> and even butterflies, caterpillars, spiders, moths (more rarely, as belonging to the dusk of night), and insects. Thus we have a Malay moth (*Kallimacha paralekta*) that always rests among dead or dry leaves, itself having leaf-like wings of a brownish hue, here and there spotted with touches of color like those on the fungi among the leaves or foliage about it. To this class belong the stick and leaf insects, the mantis or praying insect, exactly matching the twigs and leaves of the trees on which they feed, resembling in this respect several of our own looper caterpillars, so-called because in walking they hunch up the middle section of the body into a sort of loop, in color and shape like the stems and branches of the sallow on which they feed, and easily escape detection, while they have the still stranger power of stretching out their bodies in the air at an angle of 45° without any support, merely holding fast to a twig by their hind feet, as if about to leap from one bough to another.

Where the foliage and the prevailing hue and general tone of surroundings are of one uniform color, to that general tone the creature becomes gradually assimilated, with greater or less safety to itself as the disguise is true or fails. In Arctic regions of unchanging snow the only safe dress is, of necessity, white, and the ermine, the ptarmigan, and the willow-grouse have, therefore, fur or plumage of snowy whiteness. With the fox and the hare it is equally the same, and the main chance of the hunter and the hunted being one — Master Reynard that he may escape notice in watching for and pursuing his prey, and poor Puss in trying to hide from and baffle her cunning foe — are alike arrayed in spotless fur.<sup>2</sup> In the great

Sahara desert, which is by no means so devoid of life as people imagine, Mr. Tristram tells us that reptiles, birds, and insects all copy the grey of the surrounding waste, and thus escape, where otherwise they would be instantly seen and in peril.

But now for a few examples nearer home, which have fallen under my own immediate notice. Round about my house is a tangled shrubbery of stunted brushwood, with here and there a silver birch, young beech, and Scotch fir; and in one corner stands an old outhouse, where a pipe is good at all seasons. It is half in ruins, and while there one day I noticed that the dingy old brown and grey wall was spotted with oddly shaped blotches of a darker tint, that looked like damp. That same evening, however, I found that the blotches had all disappeared, though more rain had fallen and the roof was full of holes. The next day they had all come back. When this had happened a second time, I looked more closely at the strange marks, and, to my surprise, found them to be living creatures, small moths, in fact, with folded or outspread wings, clinging fast on to the crumbling wall. From dusk until dawn they had been out on the wing in the fields and woods — their chief enemies, the birds, being asleep — but at daybreak came back to their old place of safety. The shrubbery was dangerous because the ground was thickly covered with green ivy and still greener periwinkle and moss, where sparrows, finches, and tits were always hunting for food, and they would have been soon snapped up. On the old weather-stained wall they were safe.<sup>3</sup>

One always associates webs with spiders, and on this old wall spiders abounded, and among these I noted three things. Few built any webs, and those who *did* so set up their trap in some corner or crevice, while they

and, feeding on carrion, has no need for concealment.

<sup>3</sup> All through the winter these moths entirely disappeared; but on the 3rd of April of this year I found four of them in their old quarters, the number gradually increasing every week during the wave of sultry weather, but again disappearing when snow and bitter cold set in.

<sup>1</sup> Reptiles: "In the short space of a mile you will find, if you look, three kinds of the same species of adder — red with black markings among the ruddy whortle bushes; bronze-green and black under the fir-trees; bronze-red on the sandstone littered with fiery dead leaves of the bramble." (*Wild Birds and their Haunts*, by a Son of the Marshes, p. 6.)

<sup>2</sup> The raven, a true Arctic bird, powerful enough to fear no enemy, always retains its sable coat,

mounted guard an inch or two away. But whether in webs, or not, all the spiders were of that brown or grey tint which exactly matched the color of their lurking-place on the wall. Those without webs rolled themselves up into tiny balls, their legs being carefully drawn in, so that, if discernible at all, they simply looked like little spots where damp had come through. There they lay perfectly still as if dead, but ready in an instant to pounce on any stray fly that chanced to come within reach. Possibly round each of these solitary robbers were spread a few threads of invisibly fine web, undetected by me, but fatally convincing to the tiniest midge that

The spider's touch so infinitely fine,  
Feels in each thread, and lives along the  
line.

Along the edge of the wood, just outside the shrubbery, runs a winding rough path, leading at last to a piece of wild country we call "No-man's Land." In summer this is fringed with flowers of all kinds, and the air swarms with butterflies and other insects. One hot morning in August I went up that path in search of a clouded sulphur butterfly (*Colias edusa*), then just out. As I went on I saw perched on a cluster of white flowers — wild carrot — a large, white butterfly with his body half buried among the blossom. I touched him with my fingers, and shook the flowers sharply, but he never moved. On looking closely, I found that a snowy-white spider hidden among the blossom had seized on him from below, killed him with one fatal bite, and was then sucking his blood; all spiders being furnished with two pointed blades, used as lancets, but also serving as suckers. This special robber had a fat, puffy body, and long, thin legs with which he held fast his prey, and so tightly that I drew him out of his lurking-place still holding on to the dead body of the poor butterfly. On that same cluster of flowers there were three other white spiders of the same kind, and of so venomous a nature that on afterwards dropping two of them into a bottle of

spirits of wine, one instantly seized the other and bit his legs off. Close at hand, among the neighboring flowers and grass, were scores of spiders, brown, yellow, and grey, but no white ones anywhere but on the white clusters of carrot.

Whether this particular variety of *Arachne* was originally white, or had become so by constantly hiding among white flowers, living there and on butterfly diet, I cannot say, though I know of one small species of caterpillar which when feeding on yellow lichen is always yellow, but if found on grey lichen has assumed a tint exactly matching his surroundings; the change of hue being, no doubt, owing to the color of his food. By the same law, just now at Paris, white pinks are being turned into emerald green by putting them into water in which bright green paint has been dissolved.

But let us now leave the tangle of wild carrot, and take a winding path into the wood itself, and find ourselves in an open glade of old beech-trees, now in their full summer glory. The under-wood has been cleared away, and the ground is thickly carpeted with the brown leaves of a hundred autumns. Foraging among the pile at the foot of a giant beech, the first to notice a strange footstep is a little brown squirrel, who flies off to the other side of the trunk almost before we can get a glimpse of him. Once away on that other side, in a trice he is half-way up the tree, and before we reach it is calmly looking down from the end of a bough thirty or forty feet overhead, and barking in his own peculiar fashion at the intruder. Being of a russet brown and grey, he needs no protecting color, and, in fact, can hardly be made out among the grey, twisted boughs, where he knows he is safe.

After turning over the dead foliage at the foot of the tree, and sadly disturbing a spider or two, a beetle, and a troop of ants — all of a brown and yellow hue — we suddenly come upon what looks like a small packet of dark leaves oddly stuck together, but is, in fact, a specimen of the large lappet-moth that, with

folded wings of dark brown, would deceive a hundred enemies, so exactly does he resemble a bunch of ruddy beech-leaves. Fifty yards away, at the foot of a silver birch, the wind has cleared away the dead leaves, and laid bare the soil of sandy chalk and black earth. Turn this over with your stick, and, if your eyes are used to the work, you may make out a few little, nimble, wriggling creatures, "weevils" (*Cleonus nebulosus*), hard to see, and harder to catch. They are all of a grey tint, spotted with black, and so close a match for the dark soil as to be barely detected; while in this very wood, not half a mile away, among the dusty chalk soil, you shall find creatures of this very tribe, and a host of other insects, that, instead of black and grey, puzzle you in a disguise of dingy white.

If you go to the north side of the next great beech, whose stem is covered with grey and brown lichen and moss, and search carefully a few feet from the ground, the chances are that you will find one or two carpet-moths, whose wings and plumage of mottled grey exactly match the color of their bed. They have taken up their station of diurnal rest in a northern aspect, I suppose, as being out of the glare of the sun; and you might pass by the tree a hundred times, nay, look closely at it, without detecting a single moth, unless you were aware of this singular habit. There they rest securely during the day, safe not only from your detection, but from the sharper eyes of tits and other small birds who haunt every grey and mossy trunk in the wood. And it is not only moths and other winged creatures who thus contrive for their own safety, but caterpillars, a dull, stupid race, to whom one is slow to give any capacity for gumption throughout their whole career. But as I write the words "dull" and "stupid," I am suddenly compelled to qualify them, as I meet in Miss North's charming volume of "Recollections" with a caterpillar of rare intelligence:—

At Rio [she says] I met with a very common inhabitant of the tropics, a huge caterpillar who built himself a sort of crin-

oline of sticks, and then covered it with a thick web. This dwelling he carried about with him as a snail carries her shell, spinning an *outwork* of web round the twig of a pet tree, by which his house hung, leaving him free to put out three joints of his head and neck, and eat up all the leaves and flowers within reach. When the branches are bare he spins a bit more web on to a higher twig, bites through the old one, jerks his whole establishment up-stairs, and begins eating again. He had a kind of elastic portico to his house, which closed over his head at the slightest noise, the house shutting up like a telescope, and when all was quiet again out came his head, down dropped the building, and the gourmand again set himself to his task of continual feasting. At last came the sleep of the chrysalis, and he finally became a poor, dowdy moth.

We have among our English caterpillars no such clever and intelligent architect as this, but yet among them will be found a large number in whose habits and ways of life are many points of curious interest, and who mainly owe their safety to the same law of color which protects the rest of the insect world. Among the brown twigs of the oak, or the stems of the broad-leaved willow, scores of small larvæ may be found, each having a trick of cocking himself up (like the looper) in an erect position, or at an angle of 45°, while resting between meals, and, being of the exact hue—yellow, grey, or brown—of their surroundings, thus escape all notice. One may be smooth and shining like a young twig, the next slightly rough, with a row of knobby excrescences along his body, which pass muster for buds. But in spite of all these cunning disguises, caterpillars as a race are hard driven for existence, the wonder being that so many escape. Out of the million of eggs laid in a single season, a vast number are devoured by birds, washed away by heavy rains, or destroyed by intense cold. Yet thousands survive all these mischances, and the wise mother who lays the egg takes care not only to deposit it on the plant exactly fit for the food of the future caterpillar, but on the under-side of such leaves as most nearly resemble

him in color, and thus give him the best chance of escaping notice.<sup>1</sup> In this matter a mistake might be fatal, and she never makes it.

Thus, the common white butterfly (*Pontia brassicæ*) lays her eggs on the leaves of the cabbage, which are just of that hue of pale yellowish green most nearly resembling the color of the future brood of caterpillars. The small tortoiseshell and the peacock butterfly follow the same law in laying their eggs on the common nettle, the stalks and leaves of which are mostly of a dingy, greenish grey, with here and there a vein of darker color, and thickly covered with hairy points. The larvæ of both these species are also hairy and spined, the one being of a dull mixture of greenish grey and brown, with paler lines at the sides, and the other of a greyish black, faintly sprinkled with white; both safe among the crowded, hairy leaves of the nettle in color and general appearance.

When the caterpillar, says that keenest of all observers, Mr. Grant Allen, lives on a plant like grass, the ribs or veins of which run up and down longitudinally, he is usually striped or streaked with darker lines in the same direction as those of his food-plant. When on broader leaves, having a mid-rib and branching veins, his stripes run obliquely at exactly the same angle as those of the leaf. And of this I find ample proof in the larvæ of a score of small butterflies to be found in this very wood.

In the thicket outside my house is a hedge of privet and a bush or two of common lilac, on which feeds the caterpillar of the privet hawk-moth, three or four inches long, of a bright pale-green color, striped at the sides with lilac and yellow, altogether a most attractive and dainty morsel for a hungry bird, and, one would suppose, certain to be devoured before he is a week old.

Take him away from his native habitat, and you feel sure that in such bright array he cannot escape notice. But put him back on his native stem, retire for ten minutes, and on your return you will find it hard to discover him, though you know he is there. The tit on the next bough does *not* know of his presence, and passes him by unnoticed. The larva of the death's-head moth (*Atropos*), a still larger caterpillar, of the very same colors and build, owes his safety to precisely the same causes. Go into the potato-field beyond the hedge, and the man at work there will tell you that he has been on the lookout for weeks past, and though promised three-pence for every specimen, has found but one. The color of the creature harmonizes exactly with the yellow and green of the potato-plant and pale purple of the flowers. Next month *Atropos* will be still harder to find, for as autumn draws near, and the stems and leaves turn more and more yellow, an amazing change takes place in the whole appearance of the huge caterpillar: his bright colors begin to fade, and a tinge of yellowish brown spreads over all his body, a sure sign—as the entomologist knows—of his being about to bury himself in the brown earth and change into a chrysalis, as the plants die down into dingy russet.

After this, it seems but a trifle to notice (as Mr. Allen bids us) that a certain little grey-green caterpillar feeds on the sea-buckthorn, whose leaves exactly match his color, and that he has one red spot,<sup>2</sup> in size and color like that of the red berries growing beside him. Whether the elephant hawk-moth caterpillar—of a huge size—has a pair of silvery spots like great eyes, which actually terrify small birds, who take him for a snake, is a matter of faith which the reader may accept or decline as he

<sup>1</sup> In exact accordance with this law, we find that, "Such is the instinct of the mother locust that in no case has she been known to deposit her eggs in uncultivated ground. A million locusts may alight on a field, but not one egg will be there laid." (Locust War in Cyprus, by C. F. Gordon Cumming.)

<sup>2</sup> A still greater marvel occurs in the case of the sloth, who hangs from the branches of trees with his back downwards. On that back is a curious buff-colored spot, which would seem to serve only to make him conspicuous, his long, coarse, grey or greenish hair being like tree-moss, and therefore protective. But the orange-colored spot is of vital service when it lies close to the tree, looking then exactly like a piece of branch where the rest has been broken off. (Wallace, p. 202.)

thinks good, though such is the record.

Of our English butterflies few are of so bright and glaring a color as to suggest that to it they owe their safety, most of them when on the wing appearing either black or of a mixed brown and grey tint, likely to attract little notice. But the common white and the sulphur when flying in the sunshine seem to call for the special attention of birds, and yet, after years of careful watching, I have rarely seen a white butterfly, and never once a sulphur (far more dazzling in color), chased by any bird. One sultry day in July I once came upon a tangle of yellow and white flowers, on which I counted sixteen splendid specimens of the sulphur, all busily feeding. They were but just out of the chrysalis, and lazily flitting from flower to flower. Close at hand were scores of insectivorous birds, but for a long hour, during which I watched them, the gaudy butterflies were left unmolested.

Then we have a family of moths (*Geometræ*) most of whose larvæ, like the hawk-moths', support themselves for hours together, during the intervals of feeding, by holding on to a twig by their posterior legs, and stretching out at an angle of varying degree with the branch, the body stiff and rigid, and ending in a knob at the head, and resembling a bud; so far, no doubt, a defence against birds. As for the hairy rough tribe of caterpillars — woolly bears — so common in every hedge and roadside, and so easily seen, they need no disguise, for no bird seems to care to meddle with them, as they are said to be of a bitter and nauseous taste. Most of them are of a dark color, and if attacked have an odd trick of rolling themselves up into a ball and shamming dead, while they wound the hand that touches them, with hairs as tormenting as those of the stinging-nettle, and possibly irritate the throat of a small bird in the same fashion. Much the same trick as shamming dead is that of a certain carrion beetle, with a shining, orange-colored thorax, who, to hide his bright colors from inquiring eyes, rolls

himself into a small lump that looks like a rough stone. Few birds touch him, and other enemies pass him by unnoticed, so perfect is his disguise. So much for the wood.

But come now away out into the winding path towards the Beacons, and we presently reach a dry, gritty road, bordered with furze, heath, and genista. Few butterflies are to be seen, but among the few is the grayling (*Hipparchia semele*),<sup>1</sup> a very dainty local fly, of a sombre color, the underneath of whose wings are of a lovely mixture of brown and grey, exactly like that of the broken, flinty, or dusty ground. *Semele* is never an easy butterfly to capture, but what makes it all the harder is an odd trick she has of stopping suddenly in her zigzag flight, dropping down upon the stony road, and there resting where it is next to impossible to discover her. Her only object must be to elude pursuit, as in the case of a rarer and more elegant butterfly, the painted lady (*Cynthia cardui*), whom I have known to remain settled on a stony road for more than ten minutes, baffling the eye of the pursuer, and then suddenly starting up almost from beneath his feet.

The same instinct — if instinct it be — seems to guide the dull, stupid caterpillar, who, when he has changed his skin for the last time, and is about to enter into the state of a helpless pupa, lays all his plans to ensure future safety. Some, especially among the moths, go down just below the surface of the ground, and there quietly wrap themselves up in a silken web, thickly granulated with the earth in which they lie, and hardly to be distinguished from it. A few others, *e.g.*, the goat-moth, actually bore into the heart of a tree or a stray piece of wood, or creep into the hollow stem of a plant, or suspend themselves to the under-side of leaves; but always choosing that retreat of a color most likely to escape notice. Some, again, fashion for themselves a sort of leathery case, or cocoon, of the exact grey or

<sup>1</sup> The caterpillar of the grayling is of a dull grey, striped with green, and among the roots of grass, on which it feeds, equally secure and equally hard to find.



brown tint as the stem or bark to which it is fastened; and specially noticeable in this way is the larva of the puss-moth, which feeds on the willow, and sticks on to the grey bark a little domicile shaped like a limpet.

As we get onwards towards the Beacons the whole face of the country is of a wilder, rougher cast. Brambles, furze, and stunted juniper take the place of flowers, until we pass into a tangled thicket of underwood, with here and there a twisted oak grown grey with age. This is No-man's Land. We have to push our way through thick bracken, already beginning to turn brown under the fierce sunlight, when all at once, not thirty yards away, out from among the tall fern stalks Master Reynard, himself the lord and master of the domain. At the first glance he looks more like some half-bred red and brown mongrel dog than an old fox. It is but for a moment, for he has either heard or scented an intruder long before we saw him, and in a trice slinks off among the brushwood, as ruddy as the bracken that hides him—so that *his* color, too, is of good service when on the watch for a plump rabbit, or one of Mr. Gaiters' pheasants. He is a well-known robber, and only last year led the hounds ten miles away across country, down into the valley of the silvery Itchen.

It is a lovely valley and a lovely stream, as in the days when Walton wandered there and sang its praises; as full also of goodly trout, among which we shall find our next example of protective color. Such of my readers as are lucky enough to know "The Weir" and its kindly owner will recall the sunny rose-garden through which the river there flows, and the long stretch of swift water rushing out under the two archways of the old grey mill. That pool contains some scores of trout, each having a special marking and color of its own, as I proved one sunny day of May last. Between the two swift currents, close up to the wall, there is a bit of still water, and into that I threw a small "quill-gnat." It was taken almost instantaneously, and in a few minutes I had

landed a strong, well-made fish of about one pound. He was in perfect condition, but from head to tail of a dark, olive-greenish grey, dotted here and there with a faint spot of red. My next trout dashed at the fly mid-stream in the swift water, and after a hard fight was soon out on the grass by the side of his companion. He was over one pound, in equally good condition, but without a tinge of olive in his entire complexion, being altogether of a pale, steely grey and silvery white, with a few spots of blackish purple, still fewer of crimson. This pool was shut in by one or two troublesome bushes, and more or less in the shade. My third fish I took a hundred yards lower down, in a broad, open shallow, where the sunlight fell brightly on a bed of tawny gravel. He weighed three-quarters of a pound, was in admirable condition, but as unlike his two companions of olive and silver grey as a trout could well be. He was a blaze of color—his arched back of a fine mellow brown, his belly of golden yellow, thickly sprinkled with drops of bright red, and a dorsal fin tipped with crimson. Yet, all three fish out of the same stream, close neighbors, and of the same exact genus, whence the difference? The first, in olive grey, had his home under the dark archway under the mill, the sides and soil of which are thickly covered with moss and weed of blackish green. There he lived and mostly fed. The second, in steely grey, kept out in mid-stream among long streamers of grey weed, on a soil of chalky greyish white; while the third, of gay colors, sailed to and fro in the broad light, where weeds, pebbles, and sand sparkled in the sunshine, and his crimson spots grew brighter as the flush of summer came on. Each fish was of that exact shade of color most resembling his surroundings, and best suited for his own safety and means of living. Nor is this all the marvel. Send number three, in all his gay colors, to live for a few days under the dark archway, and he will come out into the still water black as night; while, if transferred into the shallow, number one would in less time be as gay

and lusty as the bravest trout in the pool. In proof of this, take a single example.

Having once taken, in a Dartmoor stream, a small trout of a dark olive brown, I carried him off at once to a neighboring cottage, and there set him in a large basin of clear spring water. The basin was lined with snowy white, and the next morning my sable troutlet had lost every shade of black, and was robed in silver grey almost as white as the walls of his prison. To make assurance doubly sure, I then filled the basin with a mass of dark brown moss and weed out of the stream, and the next day found that the captive had resumed his old tint, and was hardly to be discerned from the sombre surroundings in which he loved to hide.

Qui color albus erat nunc est contrarius albo.

Of this strange power in fish my angling note-book offers another simpler, but not less striking, example. Dartmoor fishermen will remember the two rivers, Meavy and Cadover,<sup>1</sup> which meet in a pool of swift water below Shaugh Bridge, one of the most picturesque valleys in all Devon. Through one of the arches of that old mossy pile of grey granite glides the silver Meavy, after a quiet course over beds of grey pebbles and sand. Through the other with fury dashes the rough brown water of the Cad, after a winding descent from the rocky heights of the Dewerstone, direct from the dark, peaty soil of the moor. In that pool I once took, at successive casts, two trout of similar size, shape, and weight, one of silver grey, like a salmon-peel, and the other of so black and dingy a garb that I almost doubted his being a trout, and was inclined to say of him

Hic niger est : hunc tu, Romane, caveto — throw him in again, he is worthless.

Some miles lower down the Plym flows at the foot of the once famous Cann quarry of pale-blue slate, with fragments of which the bed of the river is there lined. All along that reach the

young trout obey the law of their being, and assume a garb of greyish blue, like that of the salmon or grayling, on such scanty diet being thin and few. Not far off is a deep pond shut in by trees, once the site of a copper or tin mine. The water is of a pale green, and the fish, of the same unhealthy complexion, have large, dropsical heads and greenish bodies. Hard by this, into a piece of dead water, left by the last flood, I once threw a fly in passing ; instantly came a fish, about as big as a small heron, and brown all over as a ripe filbert. So extraordinary was his appearance, in fact, that I hardly knew him to be a trout at all. The pool in which he had lived for a month or two was carpeted with brown and red leaves of the beech, which had thus dyed him brown as a gipsy.

This, however, was of course an exceptional case, not in accordance with that strange power, which (says Mr. Allen) many, if not all fish possess, of voluntarily

altering their color to suit their surroundings by forcing backward or forward certain pigment-cells, or chromatophones, above the others, whose various combinations produce at will almost any required shade or tint.

Such are a few of the facts that have come under my own observation in a lonely nook among the Hampshire woods. And these, so far, corroborate the well-known general theory as to protective color ; but they leave me still in the midst of a crowd of mysteries, contradictions and anomalies, out of which I cannot see my way.

If some certain birds, insects, and caterpillars, and fish have, or assume, a protective color, how is it that others, equally abundant and equally thriving, set all this *régime* at defiance ? If the peacock and tortoise-shell butterfly pick out the nettle for their dingy brood of caterpillars, why does the comma select for her brood of brownish red caterpillars the hop, the nettle, and the honeysuckle, where their color at once betrays them ? Along the coping and in the crevices of an old grey brick wall I

<sup>1</sup> These two streams mainly form the river Plym.

often find the grey and brown chrysalides of certain small moths and butterflies, exactly matching the color of their hiding-place, and therefore safe; but not twenty yards away, hung on to a withered stalk or twig, I also find the chrysalis of some other similar flies, yellow, black, or brown, and certain, therefore, to be detected by the first hungry sparrow or tit that comes by. Why so much clever foresight in the one case, and none in the other? Again, our English grasshoppers are all of a green or brown hue, eminently safe among brown and green grass; at Cannes they are red, green, and blue, among grass like our own; and a recent naturalist tells of a swiftly flying creature found there, as big as a hornet, of metallic lustre, with the wings of a dragon-fly and the tail of an earwig! By what possible law of selection or survival of the fittest could such a monstrosity have been devised, and be now found in abundance?

If by wise and infallible instinct the honey-bee builds her waxen cell with unvarying geometric skill, and always in a secure place, and the tit constructs her nest with unerring sagacity where it is securest and hardest to find, why does the house-martin persist, as she often does, in fixing her hut of clay in the corner of a window where it is washed away by the first storm of rain, when other sheltered windows are close at hand? No such fatal mistake in nesting is ever made by scores of other birds; and the puzzle remains that instinct "in some cases so far above reason, is in others so far below it."<sup>1</sup>

For twelve successive years past a long-tailed tit has built her nest and brought up her brood of six or eight young ones in a pillar-post box just outside my garden gate, though the hollow is but twelve inches by eight, often crammed with letters and newspapers, and the only entrance a narrow slit of one inch by four. Where did she acquire her taste for a literary home, and how was it handed on to successive

mothers? One would like to know if the young birds of this year, who are to be the parents of future broods, retain a recollection of the old nursery in that dark and crowded letter-box, and go back to it when the warm days of April stir in them new thoughts of love and nesting. As I now write (April 20) a tit has again taken possession of the box (now thickly carpeted with moss and feathers), and is clearly intent on laying, fighting fiercely against the intrusion of all missives for the post. Incredible as it may seem, a postcard dropped into the box at 4 P.M. to-day was found half an hour later under the laurel-hedge some twenty feet away. This was again posted, but shortly after thrown out into the road with edges much torn and bitten. Jacob, the postman, therefore has orders to clear the box as gently as he can, and call at the house for letters.

The clever, educated intelligence of this tit is beyond dispute, and in strange contrast with the ignorant folly of a certain swallow, who, says Gilbert White,

for two successive seasons built her nest on the handle of a pair of garden shears that were set up against the boards in an out-house, and therefore had her nest ruined every time they were used.

Kirby and Spence tell us of an encounter between a parasitic golden wasp and a mason-bee, in which such an amount of intelligence was shown by both combatants as leaves one in doubt which to admire most. The bee had nearly finished one cell, and flown away for a fresh supply of pollen and honey. In comes the parasite wasp, entering head first, to examine the premises, then exit, next crawling in again tail first to deposit an egg. Suddenly the bee returns, attacks the enemy, who rolls herself up into a ball, and is thus proof against sting and mandibles. But one point of attack is left open, and this the bee at once seizes, and with her sharp mandibles cuts off the four wings of the wasp, and drops her *outside* to the ground. This done, she re-enters the cell, deposits some pollen-paste for the

<sup>1</sup> Gilbert White.

young grub, and flies off again. Scarcely is she gone when the poor parasite revives, and, true to her instinct and her object, creeps up the wall into the cell, deposits an egg against the side below the level of the pollen-paste, so as to prevent her foe from seeing it on her return!

Referring to facts of this kind, and citing a curious case of a sand-wasp finding its way home under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, Mr. Bates says:—

This amazing action of the wasp would be commonly called instinctive, whereas it here proves itself no such mysterious and unintelligible agent, but a mental process in each insect, differing from that in man only by its unerring certainty.

In an infinite number of cases instinct would seem to be an infallible guide, in others a mere undistinguishing limited faculty, blind to every circumstance that does not immediately concern self-preservation or the propagation or support of the race. Which is the true definition?

Slight, gradual changes or differences of color, or even of habits of life, or varieties of species, may be easily accounted for by the latter theory, but there are still not a few points which it will not even remotely touch. How, for example, first came about the fixed determination of a butterfly or insect to lay her egg only on one or other leaf of a certain kind and color? How did that butterfly or insect itself come into existence, but from an egg? And if so, who laid it? Or again, why did the primary caterpillar, when about to turn into a chrysalis, crawl away to a leaf or hiding-place of his own, or some other safe color? Or, if he did *not* thus select a safe habitat, how did he escape being devoured?

These, and a score of other such puzzling anomalies beset me as I look into the great book of nature, and turn but a few leaves; while if one but thinks of man, the highest and most perfect of creatures, as evolved out of a primal morsel of protoplasm, still greater perplexities await one. Passing over the well-worn crux of "the missing link,"

which may or may not be found, why in the ceaseless, ever-recurring generations of men does *clear* trace of the law of heredity so seldom appear, or why is that law so often violated? Mr. Dodson, for example, may marry Miss Fogg, and their first-born son turn out a sleek and pious grocer who sands his sugar and waters his tobacco, a Peck-sniff, a Bill Sikes, or a Lord Hatherley, while the daughter of the house shall be Mrs. Nickleby, Florence Nightingale, or Elizabeth Brownrigg.

Dr. Beddow tells us that there is a direct relation between men's pursuits and the color of their hair. An unusual proportion of men with dark, straight hair enter the ministry; red-whiskered men are apt to be given to sporting and horse-flesh; while the tall, vigorous, blonde men, lineal descendants of the vikings, still contribute a large contingent to our travellers and emigrants. The plumage of canaries can be considerably altered towards red or orange by feeding them on a stimulating diet of red pepper, and though this may fail for humankind in general, something might be done towards increasing the pigment in the hair, and give hope to many a melancholy owner of grey locks. Suppose, for a moment, that a protective color, like that which obtains in the fields, woods, and hedgerows, ruled in the world of men, what an amazing change would ensue in the outward appearance of affairs! If a rogue could but at will assume the perfect guise of an honest man, and the gilded wasps of society appear as mason or honey bees, or were saints and sinners alike compelled to wear their own unmistakable livery, what a changed world would this of ours be! If men, like canaries or caterpillars, could but change their complexion by change of diet, mode of life, or pursuit, then we might indeed imagine an alderman, after years of calipash and calipee, assuming the hue and the shape of a turtle. Scrooge, the miser, after a life of secret hoarding, would turn as yellow as his guineas; Mr. Carcass, the butcher, would become as rubicund as the beef on his stall, instead of appear-

ing as a trim, dapper, pale-face in a frock coat ; and Ferret, the poisoner, as black as the black arts on which he thrives.

But outside the limits of a nightmare dream no such world is possible. We have to be content with a medley of far more sober realities, where, though "white spiders" mostly come to grief, the confidence trick still flourishes, and "men are mostly fools." "It is an age," says a profound thinker, "of weak convictions, paralyzed intellects, and growing laxity of opinion."<sup>1</sup> There is an intense struggle for bare existence ever going on, but the fittest do not always survive. There are many wise men ; but of many a wise man will it never be said :—

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,  
And to do that well demands high wit,  
while the foolish one, in cap and bells,  
apes wisdom, and, save in his own  
country, is not without honor.

B. G. JOHNS.

<sup>1</sup> J. S. MILL.

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From *The Fortnightly Review*.  
THE LATE PRINCE VICTOR OF HOHENLOHE.

WITH the last hours of the year 1891 there passed away a sailor and sculptor of whose eventful life and courage under all circumstances a slight record may not be out of place.

Admiral Prince Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, G.C.B., governor and constable of Windsor Castle, was the third and youngest son of the late Prince Ernest, head of the main branch of the extensive and numerous family of Hohenlohe, whose members have, at different times, contributed much to the history of Germany.

Born at the old castle of Langenburg, in Württemberg, on the 11th November, 1833, the first fourteen years of his life were passed at home, where his lively disposition made him a favorite with all about him. In 1847 he was sent with his two brothers to the Blochmann school at Dresden. Here, however, he did not stay long. The strict hours and

dismal atmosphere of the school, where he was kept all day at work, were most irksome to him. He pined for fresh air, and with his imagination fired by the tales of Captain Marryat and Fenimore Cooper, he soon found an opportunity for escape. His indignation having been aroused by an undeserved punishment inflicted on him by his tutor, he ran away one morning, with only a few groschen in his pocket, with the intention of getting somehow to America. Sad to say, his money only lasted him a couple of days, and, much against his will, he found himself obliged to return to Dresden under the charge of a policeman, who had traced and followed him. The story of his escapade soon reached the queen, through the British minister at Dresden, and her Majesty, much interested, wrote at once to her half-sister, Prince Victor's mother, offering to put the boy into the British navy, as he seemed so anxious to see the world.

The kind offer was joyfully accepted, and after a short stay at Mr. Burney's Naval School at Gosport, during the summer of 1848, Prince Victor found himself in the September of that year, a midshipman on board H.M.S. *Powerful*.

The life on board was fairly rough at first, especially for a boy who was not yet perfectly at home in English ; but he soon shook down into his new life, and speedily became most popular with his messmates, entering with zest into all their amusements.

During the next two years the *Powerful* cruised about the Mediterranean, taking part in the blockade of Athens during the severe winter of 1849-50.

In 1851 the *Powerful* was paid off, and Prince Victor was sent to join the *Cumberland*, flagship of Admiral Sir George Seymour, at that time commander-in-chief of the North American and West Indian station. The following two years were among the pleasantest of his naval career.

In 1854 the *Cumberland*, under the command of Sir George's second son, Captain Henry Seymour, was ordered to the Baltic, to take part in the expedi-



tion then fitting out against the Russian coast. Towards the end of July, a naval brigade was landed, with eight or ten field-guns, forming part of a mixed force of French and English told off to attack the forts of Bomarsund in the Aland Islands. After a sharp bombardment some forts were taken by our men and the remainder capitulated. Prince Victor distinguished himself in this his first action by bringing his gun close up to the walls under a heavy fire, being slightly wounded in the foot at the time by the splinter of a shell.

In December, '54, he was promoted for his services, and after passing a few months at home was sent out to join the fleet in the Black Sea. Here he was appointed to the *St. Jean d'Acre* (May '55), Captain (Sir Harry) Keppel, and joined her at Kertch, being unfortunately just too late to see the taking of that place. He was, however, much impressed by the horrors consequent on its fall, horrors which, we are glad to say, were in no wise owing to the action of our own troops.

During our unsuccessful assault on the Redan (June 18th) the *St. Jean d'Acre* was sent round to lie off Sevastopol, with orders to render assistance, if possible, to our attacking columns. From the nature of things this was an impossibility, and she returned without effecting anything.

Two days afterwards Prince Victor was placed on the books of the *Leander*, and transferred to the Naval Brigade. A curious incident befell him about this time. On returning late one night to his temporary quarters at Headquarters Farm, where in the morning he had left Lord Raglan lying ill, he found the house shut up; so he climbed in through the ground-floor window of his room, and went to bed in the dark. Next morning he was awakened by several officers coming in, and was horrified to find that on the next bed to his own was lying the corpse of the commander-in-chief, who had died on the previous day, and been laid out in this room!

For the next three weeks Prince Victor did duty with the Naval Brigade in the trenches attached to the 21-gun

battery in rear of our right attack. Nothing very serious occurred during this time, and the only hand-to-hand encounter with the Russians took the form of a harmless battle with clods of earth as missiles. Our blue-jackets, not wishing to be hampered with the weight of rifles and cutlasses, used to leave them in camp when their turn of duty in the trenches came round, a remissness which on this occasion might have cost them dear. During a night sortie of the enemy, a small body of Russians had become detached from the main column, and, finding their friends repulsed, tried to get home the quickest way possible. The result was that they suddenly found themselves in the 21-gun battery, and a free fight ensued, the Russians not having time to load their muskets. Stones, fists, musket-butts, and sods were the chief weapons, and in the end the Russians were driven back in the dark, little or no damage having been inflicted on either side.

On one occasion, during an artillery duel between the 21-gun battery and the Redan, a young Russian officer sprang on the parapet of the last-named work, in order better to observe the effects of his fire. Prince Victor thereupon laid a gun for him and very nearly bowled him over. Thinking, however, that it would be unfair if the Russian did not have a like chance at himself, he jumped on the parapet, took off his cap, and bowed to the Russian. The latter entered into the spirit of the game and had a shot at him, but missed. Once again did each offer himself as a target without result, when the game was abruptly put an end to on either side by both combatants being ordered down by their respective senior officers. Curiously enough the two met long afterwards at a dinner-party, in more peaceful times, and on comparing notes on the war, found that their acquaintance had begun under very different circumstances.

In August, '55, Sir Harry Keppel was appointed to the command of the Naval Brigade, and took Prince Victor as his aide-de-camp. Sir Harry soon took a great liking to his young aide-

de-camp, and a firm friendship was established between the two, which lasted throughout life. This friendship was further cemented by the subsequent service they saw together in China and elsewhere, and it was only through severe illness last winter that the gallant veteran was prevented from paying the last honors to his old comrade.

Prince Victor always used to refer to those Crimean days that he spent as aide-de-camp as among the happiest of his life — plenty of work, plenty of exciting incident, and the best of good companions in both services. On one occasion he had the good fortune to save the life of Lord Wolseley, then a subaltern in the 90th. Prince Victor was one day riding back from the trenches to camp, when he passed a stretcher bearing the body of an officer in the 90th. As he knew the regiment well, he lifted the handkerchief to see who it was, and recognized Wolseley's face, which was then covered with blood from a deep wound in the cheek. Thinking he saw a slight twitching in the face, he called a naval doctor (Irving by name) to look at him, much to the indignation of the army surgeon, who had "passed" him as dead, and who shouted to him to "leave his dead alone." Undisturbed by his remarks, Prince Victor tried to extract a jagged piece of stone sticking in the wound, and the pain apparently brought Wolseley to, for after a little brandy had been poured down his throat, amid more asseverations from the army doctor that he was dead, he sat up, exclaiming, "No more dead than you are, you fool!"

Strangely enough, Dr. Irving was subsequently fleet surgeon to Lord Wolseley in the Ashantee campaign, and, I believe, told him then of the above facts, which had been till then unknown to him.

During the summer of that year, Prince Victor for the second time very nearly died of cholera. He was, however, brought round by the devoted nursing of the well-known Mother Seacole, the West Indian black woman, who

had become much attached to him. Up to the time of her death, not many years ago, the warm-hearted old lady used to come and see him, and bring little presents for his children.

At the battle of the Tchernaya Prince Victor was present as aide-de-camp, although the Naval Brigade was not engaged. In every dangerous enterprise that he could join in he was well to the fore, and he earned the following tribute from Victor Hugo, in his book, "*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*," where, speaking of a perilous undertaking, he says: "*Ce n'était qu'un gaillard comme le Prince de Hohenlohe qui aurait osé exécuter une tâche aussi dangereuse.*" Many a good turn too did he do for wounded or distressed men of either service, who in after years used to come and thank him most gratefully for help rendered in time of need.

On the 8th September Prince Victor was engaged with the Naval Brigade in the terrible second assault of the Redan, but luckily escaped unhurt with the exception of being knocked down and badly bruised by the wind of a round-shot which only just missed him.

At the conclusion of the war, Prince Victor returned to England in the *Leander*, and was appointed in the following spring to the *Colossus*. He commanded the gunboat *Traveller* at the royal review, Spithead, April, 1856, but did not remain in her. In June he was transferred to the *Blenheim* for three months; and in the autumn of 1856 was appointed flag-lieutenant to his old captain, Sir Harry Keppel, in the *Raleigh*. Sir Harry was about to take up the appointment of commodore of the Indian and Chinese squadrons, and it was not long before his post proved itself to be no sinecure.

In October, '56, as a climax to a series of outrages on the part of the Chinese, a vessel called the *Arrow* was boarded by mandarins, and the British flag hauled down. The owners claimed that she was a British vessel, which, strictly speaking, she was not at that moment, and demanded through the British authorities compensation from the Chinese government, which was

refused. Thereupon we declared war against China, and operations were commenced at the mouth of the Canton River, and continued throughout the winter.

After a good deal of desultory fighting in and round Canton during the spring, Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, our commander-in-chief in China, while waiting for troops to arrive, determined on striking a blow at the Chinese war-junks with the naval force under his command. Accordingly, hearing that the Chinese junks were anchored in force some way up the river, above Canton, in a position guarded by forts on either bank, he on the 1st June despatched Sir Harry Keppel, with a force of about three hundred bluejackets in their boats, to attack the forts and capture the junks. The forts were speedily stormed by our men, and seeing the state of affairs, the Chinese crews bolted out of their junks and disappeared round a turn of the river. Commander Turner, of the *Raleigh*, thereupon pursued the retreating enemy with one boat. Sharp firing was heard round the corner, and Prince Victor, receiving permission from Sir Harry, collected as many boats as he could (twelve in number) and started in pursuit, Sir Harry accompanying him in the gig of the *Raleigh*.

The cause of the firing was soon made evident. The Chinese had fled up the arm of the river known as Fatshan Creek, where thirty-six more war-junks lay across the stream, so anchored as to command the entrance of the creek with their fire. The tide was very low, so that our boats could not approach the junks, and in fifteen minutes we had lost nearly a third of our men under the withering fire of the enemy. Our only two boats with howitzers stuck on the mud, and were totally destroyed, and our musketry fire naturally produced but little effect on the junks.

The *Raleigh's* gig, drawing but little water, had moved up close to the junks, and speedily became a target for the Chinese guns. Nearly all her crew were killed or wounded, and in a very short time she had five round-shot

through her and began to sink. Prince Victor had an excessively narrow escape himself; he was endeavoring to bind up the stump of a wounded bluejacket's arm, and supporting him for this purpose against his own shoulder, when a round-shot shattered the unfortunate man's back. The next minute the survivors were swimming for their lives, Prince Victor suffering severely from dysentery at the time. A small river-steamer, the *Hong Kong*, now arrived in support of the boats, but though she remained bows upstream, the only position suitable for her solitary gun, she was hulled twenty-seven times in twenty minutes. The boats took shelter behind her, but it was of little use. They were obliged by their numbers to form a tail, and every shot that missed the steamer plunged among the boats, and added to the number of losses.

This terrible state of things continued till the tide rose again, and there was sufficient water to bring the boats right up to the junks. Then, reinforced by more boats from down stream, our blue-jackets attacked again, and the Chinese, unable to stand a hand-to-hand fight, set fire to their junks and bolted. It was rather alarming work approaching the blazing vessels, for the Chinese guns, left loaded by their gunners, went off as the flames reached them. Since, however, the junks were lying on their sides in the shallow water, most of the guns were left pointing either to the sky above or to the mud below, and did but little damage.

Prince Victor was strongly recommended for the Victoria Cross for the part he played in the action, but owing to various official reasons he never received it. Whilst the *Raleigh's* boats were away up the Canton River, the *Raleigh* herself was wrecked off the coast, and, amongst others equally unfortunate, Prince Victor lost in her nearly all his worldly possessions. The only thing that he recovered was his gold watch, which a Chinese diver rescued for him after it had been at the bottom of the sea for some days.

Promoted to commander in August, 1857, for his services at Fatshan, and

being at the time much broken in health, Prince Victor returned home at the end of the year. In June, 1858, he was appointed to command the *Scourge*, at that time and for the two following years stationed in the Mediterranean. He again during this time nearly lost his life from typhoid fever, contracted on the coast of Syria. In the beginning of 1860, having been lately promoted to the rank of captain, he was obliged to go on half-pay, owing to his increasing ill-health.

On the 26th January, 1861, Prince Victor married Sir George Seymour's youngest daughter. At the end of the year following that of his marriage, he was sufficiently recovered again to accept a command. According to an old family law in Germany, which still obtains in many families, the wife of any prince, who is not of absolutely equal rank to her husband or does not reckon among her ancestors a count of the Holy Roman Empire, is not allowed to call herself by his title. Thus Prince Victor's wife was not allowed the title of princess, but was obliged to take that of Countess Gleichen. Prince Victor thereupon declined to allow his wife to bear a different name from his own, and called himself thenceforth "Count Gleichen," this being the second title in the Hohenlohe-Langenbourg family. This name was borne by himself and his wife for nearly twenty-five years, both reverting (with her Majesty's permission) to the name of Prince and Princess Victor of Hohenlohe in 1885.

In January, 1863, he was appointed to command the *Racoon*, and took her to Bermuda with despatches, returning in June for a cruise off the coast of Scotland. Two months afterwards the *Racoon* was despatched to Gibraltar, and remained there until the following summer, when she was given a roving commission to Scotland and Norway, to initiate Prince Alfred (Duke of Edinburgh) into his profession. Soon afterwards she returned to Gibraltar again, and with but short intervals of cruises in the Mediterranean, undertaken for the purposes of instruction, or for conveying distinguished personages from

port to port, she remained there until the spring of 1866. She then returned to Spithead, where Prince Alfred left her, and immediately afterwards she was sent for a short cruise round the south coast of Ireland. During the preceding three years the complaint from which Prince Victor had long been suffering had never altogether left him, and his health now became rapidly worse. The spring of 1866 found him so weak from the effects of his old enemy—dysentery, contracted in China and not improved by the damp sea air—that he was obliged with a heavy heart to resign his command and apply to be retired on half-pay, this time, alas! for good and all. It was a severe blow, thus parting with his profession. He had always been heart and soul a sailor, and the prospect of leaving the active life he loved so much for a humdrum life on shore had no attractions for him. He had always shown himself a brave and capable seaman, and when in command had been respected and beloved by both officers and men. In after life the affection borne him by his old comrades was touchingly shown by the number of "old pals," great and small, who used to come and see him, either to talk over old times again, or to ask for that advice and help which was never refused.

Left with a very limited income with which to begin life on shore, Count Gleichen, as he was now called, yielded to his artistic tastes, and began to study sculpture in earnest. As a boy he had always had a fancy for modelling small figures in clay or wax, and during his naval career he had at odd times filled numerous sketch-books with his drawings. Now that it became a question of daily bread, he encouraged his neglected art to the utmost, and began to work hard under Theed, the sculptor, with whom he studied for the next three years.

Hardly had Count Gleichen settled down to work when a heavy blow befell him. The naval bank in which he had placed all his savings failed, and his small income was in consequence reduced to a still smaller amount. The

loss, however, did not seem to affect his spirits ; he saw in it only a fresh incentive to hard work. The queen had graciously given him a suite of apartments in St. James's Palace, and here, after a time (in 1869), he established a studio of his own. Orders came in but very slowly at first, and he had, in addition, to face the hostility of the sculptors of those days, who objected strongly to a relative of the royal family entering into competition with themselves. But his cheerfulness and pluck never failed, and at last he was rewarded by his first order, the "Sleeping Hebe," ordered by her Majesty. Close on this followed a marble group of the "Deluge ;" a large, allegorical group, "Memento Mori ;" a monument to the memory of the late Sir George Seymour, as also one to the late Lady Wenlock ; one or two statuettes, and, as time went on, several portrait busts. Count Gleichen's *forte* lay, perhaps, in the latter, for he had a remarkable talent for seizing upon the characteristics of a face, as, later on, the busts of Lord Beaconsfield, Garibaldi, Lord Salisbury, and his old friend, Sir Harry Keppel, could testify. In 1867 the queen appointed him to the office of governor and constable of Windsor Castle, a post which had formerly been held by the prince consort. In 1874 his principal work, a colossal statue of Alfred the Great, for the town of Wantage, was finished ; and, during the following years, many more works issued from his studio. In the intervals of his work, Count Gleichen was never so happy as when engaged with rifle or gun. A first-rate shot with both, and a thorough sportsman, he used to get away, whenever he could spare the time, to the Hinterauthal (Austrian Tyrol), where he and his elder brother, Prince Hermann, rented a small chalet together for chamois-shooting ; or, failing time for so long a trip, deer-stalking in Scotland, or covert-shooting, took its place. Traveling he was also very fond of, and many were the trips which he and his wife took together in out-of-the-way corners of Spain, Norway, Portugal, and other countries.

The decade of 1875 to 1885 had been,

perhaps, the most prosperous time for him, professionally speaking, and about the middle of that period he had built himself a small country-house in the neighborhood of Ascot among the pine woods. There the family spent many a happy summer and autumn.

Prince Victor's health had never been even fairly good, and violent attacks of his old malady, coupled with gout and a succession of severe chills, had been gradually weakening him for years. Yet all this time no complaints were heard, and he bore up so cheerfully that not even his oldest friends knew of the pain and illness which were undermining his constitution. At last, in the spring of 1891, the illness began to show itself which in the end proved fatal. His sufferings were heroically borne ; hardly a murmur escaped him when at his worst, and even the professional nurses, accustomed to scenes of pain, bore witness to the extraordinary fortitude with which he suffered in silence. He passed away quite suddenly early on the morning of the last day of the year.

Perhaps the most fitting epitaph for one who was so universally beloved was the remark of one of his old friends: "He was a man who never had an enemy!"

G.

From All The Year Round.

#### A HORNED PEOPLE.

TOWARDS the Burmese borders of China, but yet within the nominal area of the great province of Szechuan, is a tract of about eleven thousand square miles of almost unknown country, inhabited by a curious people, whose origin and history are totally unknown. The Chinese name of this territory is Liang-Shan—the Great Ridge Mountains—but it is familiarly called by travellers Lolodom. It is peopled by the independent Lolos, of whom one frequently finds mention in books of travel in western China, but little or nothing in the way of description. Marco Polo seems to have passed its borders in traversing what he calls the



district of Cain-du, described as a fertile country containing many towns and villages, and inhabited by "a very immoral population." But no one enters Lolodom without a special permit from the Lolos.

Their land is framed in by mountains, through which a deep gully leads from the Chinese prefecture of Chien-Chang — Marco Polo's Cain-du. The passage of this gully is barred by a river, which no Chinaman is allowed to cross until he finds bail for his good conduct in Lolodom. The Lolos themselves swim or wade across, and swing themselves up the opposite bank by means of a rope. The Chinese traders, who go into the country with proper protection, are said to make great profits there, the Lolos being simple and conscientious, but very resentful of trickery and bad faith.

No European traveller has seen so much of, and has gathered so much information about the Lolos as Mr. Colborne Baber; but unfortunately his extremely interesting notes are buried from the general reader among the supplementary papers of the Royal Geographical Society. To these notes we are largely indebted in the preparation of this article.

Whence the Lolos came, and when, no man knows; but as it has been discovered that they have a written language of their own, it is possible that some solution of the mystery may be found hereafter. The name "Lolo" itself is of unknown Chinese origin, and is a term of insult which the Lolos do not recognize. They call themselves variously, "Lo-su," "No-su," and "Le-su," or generically "I-chia" — namely, tribes or families of I. They are not an autonomous people, and their tribes seem to be frequently at variance with each other.

They are a tall and well-made race — far taller than the Chinese, and than any other European people. Mr. Baber saw hundreds of them, but never one who could be called under-sized. They are slim and muscular, with the deep chests of natural mountaineers — indeed, their speed and endurance in

mountain-climbing is a proverb among the Chinese. They have handsome oval faces of a reddish-brown hue, prominent cheek-bones, arched and rather broad noses, thinnish lips, large eyes, and pointed chins, from which the beard is carefully plucked. A curious characteristic is a tendency to wrinkles, especially on the forehead.

The great marked physical peculiarity of the Lolo, however, is the horn. Each male adult gathers his hair into a knot over his forehead, and then twists it up in a cotton cloth so as to resemble the horn of a unicorn. This horn, which is sometimes as much as nine inches long, is regarded as sacred, and even when a Lolo, on settling in Chinese territory, grows a pigtail, he still carefully preserves his horn under his head-cover.

The women are remarkably graceful, and as modest in their demeanor as the Sifan tribes — the immoral people referred to by Marco Polo — are the reverse. The young ones are described as "joyous, timid, natural, open-aired, neatly dressed, bare-footed, honest girls, devoid of all the prurient mock-modesty of the club-footed Chinese women — damsels with whom one would like to be on brotherly terms."

Mr. Baber gives a pleasant picture of them: "Several of them, natives of the vicinity of Yuch-hsi, came to peep at me in the verandah of the inn, their arms twined round one another's necks; tall, graceful creatures, with faces much whiter than their brothers. They did not understand Chinese, and scampered away when I made bold to address them. But a sturdy Lolo lord of creation, six feet two high, whose good-will I had engaged by simple words, went out and fetched two armfuls of them — about half-a-dozen. It would have been unkind to presume upon this rather constrained introduction, especially as they were too timid to speak, so I dismissed the fair audience with all decorous expedition. Their hair was twined into two tails and wound round their heads; they wore jackets, and flounced and pleated petticoats, covered with an apron, and reaching to the ground."

The principal garment of a Lolo man

is a capacious sleeveless mantle of grey or black felt, tied round the neck and falling nearly to the heels. The richer Lolos have this mantle of a very fine felt, highly esteemed by the Chinese, with a fringe of cotton web round the lower border. On horseback they wear a cloak of similar material split half-way up the back, and a lappet to cover the opening. In summer, cotton is sometimes substituted for felt as material for the mantle and cloak. The trousers are of Chinese cotton, with felt bandages. The Lolo wears no shoes, but for head-covering, he has a low conical hat of woven bamboo, covered with felt, which serves also as an umbrella. Thus incased in felt, he is proof against both wind and rain.

There appear to be two broad classes of Lolos, called respectively — in Chinese equivalents — “Black-bones,” and “White-bones.” The former name is used by the Chinese to indicate the independent tribes — as distinguished from those on the frontiers, more or less subject to the imperial government — but among the Lolos themselves a Black-bone is a noble, and the word is thus somewhat analogous to our own “blue blood.” The White-bones are the plebeians, the vassals and retainers of the Black-bones. A third class exists in Lolodom, called “Wa-tzu,” who are practically slaves — captive Chinese and their descendants. It is said that those born in Lolodom are treated with more consideration than those brought in by fresh forays. Some who have escaped have admitted that they were not unkindly treated, and were not overworked. The captives are tattooed on the forehead with the mark of the tribe, and if they are recalcitrant are flogged with nettles, but when docile are made comfortable, and their children are admitted to all the privileges of Lolo children.

There is, however, no intermarriage. No Lolo will marry except with a woman of his own tribe, and although Chinese women are sometimes captured, they are taken as wives for Chinese bondmen, not for Lolos.

The marriage of a Black-bone is a

time of high festivity, with *al fresco* banquets. When the feast is over the bride goes home with her friends, but it is only after a third banquet that the marriage takes place. An interchange of presents then follows, and the betrothal is ratified by the present from the husband's to the bride's family of a pig and three vessels of wine. On the wedding morning the friends of the bride gather round her, and the bridesmaids chant a song somewhat to this effect: —

“In spite of all the affection and care your fond parents have lavished upon you since the day you were born, you must now desert them. Never again will you sit beside them at work or at meals. You will not be nigh to support them when they grow old, nor to tend them when they fall sick. You must leave them and go away to the house of a stranger.”

To this dispiriting theme the bride chants, as well as her tears will allow: —

“Leave them I must, but not by my desire or fault. They must bear with my absence; my brothers and sisters will support them. I go to my husband, and my duty will be to help his parents, not alas! my own. But if any trouble befall my dear father and mother, I shall pine to death; I am sure I shall. Seldom can I visit them; but when they are sick let them send for me and I will come — I will come!”

The strain may be varied and indefinitely prolonged, but the theme is the same — the sorrow of leave-taking and filial affection. Then the bride is dressed in rich garments and ornaments, and a new song is raised, the theme of which is fear that the bridegroom and his friends may not be kind to the departing loved one. Weeping is plentiful, till the tide of sorrow is checked by the arrival of the groom's male relatives and friends, who dash into the throng, seize the bride, place her on the shoulders of the “best man,” carry her out of doors, clap her on horseback, and then gallop off with her to her new home.

Meanwhile, the bridesmaids and their

friends make a feint of detaining her, and belabor the attacking party with thorn-branches, or smother them in showers of flour and wood-ashes. Arrived at her new home, the bride finds a house, horses, cattle, and sheep provided by the groom's family, while her own parents send clothes, ornaments, and corn. The Lolos, it is said, live in good stone houses, and have fine, broad roads between their villages.

A queer marriage ceremony is reported of some of the tribes, but whether a serious one or only part of the fun of the event does not appear. The parents of the bride place her on an upper branch of some large tree, while the older ladies of the family are perched on the lower branches. The bridegroom has to climb up the trunk for his bride, and she does not become his until he touches her foot, an act which the women endeavor, or profess to endeavor, to prevent, by striking at him and shoving him in all directions.

The birth of a girl is regarded as a more fortuitous event than the arrival of a boy—proof that the women occupy a high position among the Lolos. Indeed, a woman-chief is not unknown among the tribes.

Mr. Baber advises any one who would enter the Lolo country to secure a female guide, under whose protection his person and property will be held sacred. Such a guide will put on an extra petticoat before beginning the journey, and if any molestation is threatened, will take off that garment and spread it solemnly on the ground. There it will remain until the outrage has been condoned, and the ground on which it lies is inviolable until the neighboring chiefs have punished the offenders and done justice to the convoy.

The women also take part in battles, but are not assailed by male warriors so long as they do not use cutting weapons.

When a boy is born he is first washed in cold water, and then baptized on the forehead with cow-dung, to make him strong and courageous.

The Lolos are not Buddhists, and it is not easy to classify their religion. It is dominated by medicine-men, who are

also the scribes, and who are held in great reverence. The deities are consulted by throwing sticks in the air and noting the positions in which they fall, or by burning bones and drawing auguries from the marks produced by calcination. To avert evil influences, feathers inserted in a split bamboo are put on the roof of a house, much like the old horse-shoe on the barn-door in our own country. When a disaster is threatened, sheep or cattle are slaughtered as a sort of propitiatory sacrifice.

They have also trial by ordeal in a curious fashion. If anything has been stolen, and the thief has not been discovered, all the people of the place are summoned by the medicine-man and compelled each to masticate a handful of raw rice. When the mess is ejected, a stain of blood on the mouthful betrays the delinquent, as the gums of the guilty are sure to bleed!

The Lolos compare the world to an open hand. The thumb, well stretched out, represents foreigners; the forefinger, themselves; the middle finger, the Mohammedans, the third finger, the Chinese; and the little finger the Tartars. They seem to have three deities—Lui-wo, A-pu-ko, and Shua-shê-po—but we are ignorant of the attributes of each. They all dwell in the sacred mount of the Buddhists, however, Mount O-mi, which is curious, and the greatest of the three is Lui-wo.

They say that they get woollen cloths from Chien-Chang, and other goods from "beyond Thibet"—query, Russia. They have a tradition of a European who visited them some fifty years ago. This was probably a French missionary. Another Frenchman was captured during a Lolo foray near Yung-Shan, in 1860. He recorded his dismal experiences in the "*Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*." Only he speaks of his captors as Mantzu, and as very rough customers indeed.

Mr. Baber says that the free-hearted manner of the Lolos is very attractive, and that they are inclined to regard Europeans as distant kinsmen. He is satisfied that a European could travel from end to end of Lolodom with per-

fect security, if only he was furnished with the proper credentials. A strict watch is kept all along the frontiers, and all suspicious persons are rigorously excluded.

The Lolos get the blame of many outrages which are really committed by bands of Chinese outlaws which infest the borders of Lolodom. But they do make periodical forays in a very determined manner. When they project an invasion of Chinese territory, after the manner of the Scottish Borderers, the Black-bones send heralds some months in advance to announce their intention. The Chinese officials never molest these emissaries, as they know that terrible reprisals would follow, but take the hint and remove themselves to a safe distance.

When the time comes—usually in early winter—the Lolo warriors issue forth, cross the Gold River in light coracles—all they carry with them—and proceed to lay hands on what goods and chattels they can find. They do not kill anybody who submits and offers to provide a ransom, nor do they make captives of old persons; but young men and women, cattle and salt, they carry off wholesale, and if resistance is offered they destroy all the growing crops. Resistance, however, is seldom offered by the country people, and the Chinese guard are usually like the proverbial policeman when a row occurs.

The Lolos do not use firearms, but crossbows and long, twenty-four foot spears headed with spikes four or five inches long. The prisoners may be ransomed, but the price is a higher one than the ordinary country folk can raise. Mr. Baber met a woman who had been ransomed for the equivalent of five pounds—a terribly large sum in those parts. The captives, as a rule, remain as slaves; and it marks a curious condition of affairs in the great Chinese Empire that, within the nominal boundaries of one of its largest and richest provinces, thousands of its subjects live at the mercy of a nation of slave hunters. The frontiers, at almost any point of

which the slave hunts may take place, extend for quite three hundred miles within the area of China proper.

The Lolos certainly possess books, and Mr. Baber was able to procure transcripts of some of their writings. They have not yet been interpreted, we believe; but the characters have been identified as phonetic, and as bearing some affinities to writings found in Sumatra.

It should be mentioned that the term *Lé-su*, or a variant of it, is frequently found among Indo-China tribes, widely separated from each other by distance and everything else. The Abbé Desgodius refers to a people he calls "*Lissou*," inhabiting the country immediately to the south of Thibet, speaking a language quite different from the surrounding tribes, and having a very independent character. In the journal of the Sladen Mission there is mention of a people called *Lee-saus*, who are supposed to be identical with the *Lei-su* encountered on the Thibetan borders. And a great similarity has been shown between the language of those *Lee-saus* and the Burmese.

Is it possible that there is any connection between the Lolos and the Burmese tribes of Karens, who have so mysterious a history, and whose legends seem to point almost to a European origin? This is a matter for ethnologists to investigate; but it is clear that a great deal more information is needed about the remarkable inhabitants of Lolodom, of whom we have endeavored to present a sketch from the very scanty materials available.

Mr. Hosie, who encountered some Lolos on his journey in western China, says that the women might, without any stretch of imagination, have been taken for Italian peasant women. He also saw the place, near *Yuch-hsi*, where, a few years ago, a Chinese army of five thousand men had entered Lolodom to punish the Black-bones and possess the land; but not a man of them ever returned! Truly Lolodom enshrines a great human mystery.

